

THE MONTH

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

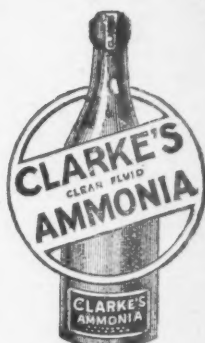
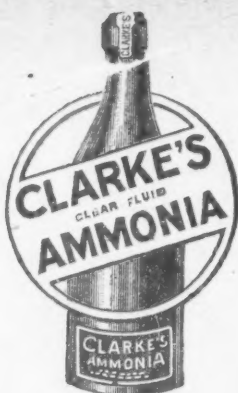
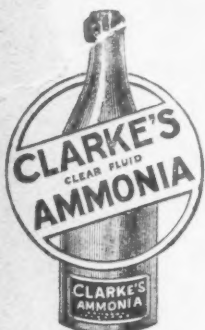


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The Welsh Revival.

Homo sum et nihil humani a me alienum puto. So said the ancient dramatist, speaking through the mouth of one of his characters, and the maxim finds a responsive chord in each well-strung human heart. In the same manner to us, who cherish the Christian faith as man's most precious possession, every manifestation, and particularly every striking manifestation, of the yearnings of the human heart for God and Christ—wherever they may be found and whatever form they may take—must appeal as matter for careful study, and, so far forth as it appears to have the genuine ring, for sympathetic interest. Nor can the fact that we are Catholics limit our sympathy to such religious manifestations as occur within our own Church or are marked by a palpable tendency towards it—as every student of Catholic theology knows.

Our readers will have understood that in thus defining the point of view from which it appeals to us, we are inviting them to a short reflection on the Revival movement, which has been going on for some months among the Nonconformists and Anglican Evangelicals in South Wales, and is said by the Nonconformist papers to be now extending to parts of England.

Let us begin by setting down a brief outline of the facts, and here, in the first place, it is necessary to distinguish between the Welsh Revival and the Torrey-Alexander mission, of which we have been hearing a good deal in London. The latter has also some points of interest from which we might make a study of it, but it is something different from the other; different, that is, in its results—for, perhaps, if one were to regard in it merely the hopes of its projectors, one would have to place the two movements in the same category. But the essence of a revival, as understood by the Nonconformists and Evangelicals, is not in a mere series of sermons and services presenting, however forcibly, the religious issues of life to the hearers, but in a striking and extensive outburst of a certain specific form of

religious emotion among the people affected by it. Not to go further back, it was such an outburst of emotion which attended the preaching of the Wesleys and their colleagues in the latter half of the eighteenth century: it was a similar outburst, though on a lesser scale, which, beginning in America in 1859, passed over to these islands in the following year, and became for a couple of years especially conspicuous in the north of Ireland: as was also the outburst attending the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to this country in 1873. And it is claimed, not without reason, for the present occurrences, which are so much exciting the attention of the Protestant religious press, that they belong to the same order of facts, and are perhaps destined to equal or even surpass what is recorded of the previous movements.

Illustrations of what is meant may be found in the columns of the *Methodist Times* and the *Methodist Recorder*, in almost every one of their issues since November last. We may take as a typical specimen, an account given of the proceedings at Ogmores Vale, by a Mr. Backhouse. Ogmores Vale is a mining town a mile or two south of Nantymoel, in Glamorganshire. The Revival has been going on there for the last three months or so. The place has several Nonconformist chapels, all of which were crowded three times in the day, on Friday, February 10th, the day of Mr. Backhouse's visit.

The evening meeting in the Baptist Chapel commenced at five and continued until eleven. The building was quickly filled, every available inch of standing room, both in the gallery and below, being utilized. Then the doors were closed, and an overflow meeting was held in the Wesleyan Chapel. The crowded congregation contained more men than women, largely young men between twenty and thirty. No one began, or conducted, or closed the meeting; all this the people did themselves. The singing was wonderful: at this meeting it was said to be exceptional, even as compared with other similar meetings. No hymn books were used and no hymns announced. The hymns were those familiar to all. They seldom sing a hymn through, but one or two verses, and frequently only part of a verse, which they repeat, as a kind of refrain, over and over again, now in Welsh, now in English, such as "Songs of praises, we will ever give to Thee," "Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all." Sometimes the singing continued several minutes. In the midst of it one would begin to pray or speak. Then the singing fell to a soft, low murmur, like the sound of distant voices, so that the one praying or speaking was distinctly heard. In all this there was no confusion or disorder, no

shouting or excitement, but a solemn reverence and a deeply spiritual atmosphere. In the earnest prayers the peculiar plaintive tone of the "hwy!" was often pronounced, and even those who did not understand a word felt that there was mighty power and unction. Some preferred to go to the "big pew" to pray and give their testimony. Two men, natives of the place, recently converted, about whose history I afterwards learned something, did this. One, whose face confirmed his words, said that he had been a prize-fighter, and declared that he had been the worst character in the town.¹

One reason why Mr. Backhouse selected Ogmore Vale for his visit was because Evan Roberts, the young collier who has been mainly instrumental in giving the impulse to the Revival movement, was expected to be there on that day. He had engaged to be at Cardiff, but had written to say that "he was forbidden by the Spirit to go to Cardiff just then; and he was coming to Ogmore Vale instead."

Mr. Evan Roberts was not present at the morning and afternoon meetings, and did not arrive at the evening meeting until 6.30, accompanied by the two Misses Davies. They entered by the vestry door, and took seats on the rostrum. No notice was taken of their coming; the meeting went on as before. It was not until eight o'clock that Mr. Roberts took any part. He then spoke a few words in Welsh, and a little later he said that there was an obstacle in the way, something there hindering the working of the Holy Spirit. Then for a long time he leaned over the desk, with his face between his hands, and for fifteen minutes the people sang a plaintive refrain, often repeated, in Welsh, the meaning of which I understood to be an appeal to the Holy Spirit to come, and that His coming might be like burning fire. The singing of this was marvellous. It gradually sank into a soft murmur, then the men's voices ceased, and only women's low murmurs remained, until it died away in a tremulous whisper. Evan Roberts seemed to be in great distress of mind, and an anxious, dejected expression settled upon his face. In the few remarks that he made he dwelt upon the hindrance somewhere in the way. Then he sat down in the chair at the back of the rostrum, and leaned forward with his face between his hands, and for a long time so remained, while the meeting went on as before.

About ten o'clock he suddenly rose, and, with a beaming countenance, from which all the previous dejection had vanished, he said that the burden was gone, and the obstacle removed. Then the people caught the same gladsome tone, and although hitherto they had been sitting, they now sprang to their feet, and joyfully began to sing. For twenty minutes they stood and sang a great triumphant outburst of thanksgiving. It was understood that just before this two office-bearers

¹ *Methodist Recorder*, February 23rd.

in the Church, who had been long at variance with each other, and who were present in the meeting, shook hands and became reconciled. The meeting, which had been wonderful before, became more wonderful still, and, scarcely anyone going away, went with a mighty swing until eleven o'clock. All that Mr. Roberts said was in Welsh, and although he had been requested to speak partly in English, he declined, saying that the Spirit had bidden him to speak, not in English, but in Welsh.

The same observer has also his testimony to give regarding the results of the Revival, in which this meeting was an episode.

I was able to make many inquiries as to the fruits and results of the Revival among the people on the spot. Everything that I saw and heard abundantly confirmed my previous conviction of its genuine reality. It has produced a revolution. Even in many who have not professed conversion a great change has been wrought. Profane swearing has been renounced. Rude manners and degrading habits have been abandoned. Full wages are being taken home. There is a domestic happiness unknown before. Drinking and gambling have been largely decreased, and the police-court has little to do. I found that family feuds and quarrels have been healed; that old-standing debts are being paid; that the public-houses are almost deserted; and that at a brewery in the place the men are only working three days a week. "Old things have passed away, and all things are become new."

I also found that besides the number of sinners who have been converted, many nominal Christians, who, as one in his testimony put it, had been "religious without having Christ," have been truly born again. This is a work of the Spirit of God. He is its Leader.

In this remarkable scene, which is typical of many others appertaining to the Welsh Revival, what in the first place impresses us is calculated to win our sympathies. Evidently these are well-meaning, earnest souls, feeling intensely their need of God, and seeking Him in all simplicity and fervour by such paths as they have been taught to follow. The uncompromising boldness, too, with which so many of them have stood up in the midst of their neighbours to acknowledge publicly their past misdeeds, is a thing fair to read of, as is also the evidence they have given of their desire to amend by cutting themselves off from those occasions which have hitherto been their ruin—for what has been said in the passage quoted about the sudden discontinuance of drunkenness, of swearing, and quarrelling is no mere journalistic invention, but the real truth, as we know from more than one private source, indeed, as has been confirmed by statements from the bench. It is, again, consoling

to learn how this desire for conversion has spread to so many. Let it be granted that the enormous numbers of "conversions" reported in the papers are as much exaggerated as doubtless they are; let it be granted that of those who stand up to "accept Christ," by no means all are to be taken at their own valuation; let it be granted that of these numerous conversions the large proportion are not drawn from the ranks of pure outsiders, but are merely passing from the outer to the inner circle of chapel congregations,¹ and that even the accessions from the ranks of pure outsiders are mostly of persons at the bottom of whose hearts lie the not wholly obliterated traces of religious impressions imbibed in the chapel or Sunday school in the days of their childhood—still, that is just what was to be expected, and what happens in all conversion movements, in our own Lenten missions, for instance. And if it is destined to be that a large proportion, or even the vast majority, of these aspirants to a better life will relapse into their former transgressions, it must not be concluded, on that ground alone, that their present reformation is unreal and valueless. Doubtless people are apt to draw conclusions of this kind. Indeed, it is what is often done in judging of the fruits of our own parochial

¹ On this point Mr. Whitehead Clegg writes in the *Methodist Recorder* for March 9th: "I have read almost everything upon the Welsh Revival, and have been surprised that no one has explained to English Methodists some of the circumstances connected with it. Those who live and work amid the religious people of the Principality rejoice not so much at the work which God is doing for the 'outsider,' which appeals to the ordinary English visitor and observer. The conversion of the 'outsider,' such as the Sabbath-breaker, gambler, drunkard, swearer, and so forth, is important, but we rejoice most of all for what God is doing for the 'insider.' If you listen to the testimonies of those blessed in the Welsh Revival belonging to the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches (the Calvinistic Methodists), you will find they do not speak of being 'filled with the Holy Ghost' or of 'entire sanctification,' but simply of what we understand by 'conversion.' I went to preach at a Calvinistic Methodist church. The leading deacon informed me that they never touched or reached the 'outsider,' but he very significantly remarked, 'We keep all our own.' The chapel was practically full at that morning service. Father, mother, sons, and daughters were all seated together. A beautiful and Biblical sight. After the service I was requested to hear the children recite their Scripture. They all marched to the front, and then each recited a portion of Scripture. Every child had a separate passage, and some of them were involved sentences of St. Paul's. It was a real treat to me. Now, these are the people in this church where the Revival has broken out—religious, Bible learners, and so on, but without Christ. Membership does not depend upon conversion. The children of members are members. Hence you will find the abuses among these members to which unconverted persons are liable. Everybody has been religiously trained, and so when one becomes a drunkard he will sing sacred songs. Hence we need to rejoice that this wave of soul-converting power has come upon these Churches. There are, of course, exceptions, but the above is a statement of things in common."

missions. It is observed how at mission after mission persons of a certain type break away from sin and neglect, attend the services, go to the sacraments, and make fervent promises of amendment, yet very soon after return to their evil ways, and persist in them for another interval of three, or five years, or more. Then the cynical observer, inadvertent to the fact that by the side of these backsliders there are others whose conversion proves solid and durable, proceeds to condemn missions altogether, as wasting time and energy in producing results which are insincere and hollow. But such critics might profit by the judgment of a neutral critic like Dr. William James, who says:

Men lapse from every level—we need no statistics to tell us that. Love is, for instance, well known to be irrevocable, yet constant or inconstant, it reveals new flights and reaches of ideality while it lasts. These revelations form its significance to men and women whatever be its duration. So with conversion experiences. That it should for even a short time show a human being what the high-water mark of his spiritual capacity is, this is what constitutes its importance—an importance which backsliding cannot diminish, although persistence might increase it.¹

Nor is the importance of this revelation of self to self limited to its present. It is a force of great value for the future. The memory of it at least will be an abiding grace which, if it does not prevent the backsliding altogether, may avail to restrain the lengths to which it might otherwise extend, or arouse intermittent desires and perhaps endeavours which God sees and regards though men may not, and which in His Providence are perhaps preparing the way for some future and more solid return later on in life or in the critical hour of death. Those of us who have had ministerial experiences know how true and consoling is this feature in God's dealings with sinners, and how much more possible it is to impress a sinner in his last hours when there are spiritual antecedents of this real though unstable kind to which appeal can be made. And with such ministerial experiences meeting us on every side, surely we ought not to be over-prone to condemn these conversions that do not last, but rather feel in regard to them like the Saviour Himself, who would not bruise the broken reed or quench the smoking flax.

It is one thing, however, to sympathize with the simple-minded and simple-hearted devotion of all these poor people,

¹ *Varieties of Religious Experience*, p. 256.

but quite another to approve of the particular channel along which their pious aspirations are encouraged to flow. Let us consider, therefore, the Revival movement from this latter point of view. And here the first thing to invite reflection is the curiously haphazard procedure which, as in the scene at Ogmores Vale, is characteristic of its meetings. Says Mr. Stead :

The meetings open—after any amount of preliminary singing, while the congregation is assembling—by the reading of a chapter or a psalm. Then it is go-as-you-please for two hours or more. The amazing thing is that it does go and does not get entangled in what might seem to be inevitable confusion. Three-fourths of the meeting consist of singing. No one uses a hymn-book. No one gives out a hymn. . . . People pray and sing, give testimony ; exhort as the Spirit moves them. . . . If any one, carried away by his feelings, prays too long, or if any one when speaking fails to touch the right note, some one—it may be anybody—commences to sing. . . . If (the meeting) decides to hear and pray, the singing dies away. If, on the other hand, as it usually happens, the people decide to sing, the chorus swells its volume until it drowns all other sound. . . . On one of these occasions Evan Roberts was addressing the meeting. He at once gave way and the singing became general.¹

And another witness tells us of his surprise (though he found it pleasant) at this feature in the meetings :

It was a perfectly new experience to me that three or four people should be praying at once, and another giving an address, and the whole congregation singing.²

The theory suggested to explain this dominance of individualism is that it is due to the Holy Spirit. "The Spirit of God was master of the assembly," and "the Spirit bloweth where it listeth." The parallelism too is pointed out between what is now happening and what was the nature of a Christian service at Corinth in the days of St. Paul.³ It is hardly a satisfactory parallelism, for one cannot read St. Paul's admonition to the Corinthians without feeling that this practice of the Corinthian Christians caused him anxiety. They were a masterful section of his disciples, and he felt he must be tactful with them. But at least he insisted that not more than two or three should speak at any given meeting, and then "by course," that is, consecutively not simultaneously, that all things might "be

¹ *The Revival in the West*, p. 39.

² Mr. Edward Clifford, *Record* for March 3rd.

³ 1 Cor. xiv. 23—40.

done decently and in order." What, however, needs especially to be noted about services conducted on this individualistic principle, is that they are just such as are calculated to work up the emotions to a high state of tension. It is only when in so high-wrought a state that an otherwise orderly congregation could be capable of making or tolerating these haphazard interruptions, and of continuing in them for hours and days together; whilst an enthusiasm thus intense is extremely catching, and the more difficult to resist the more it acquires by passing from one to another the volume of a powerful social force.

We refer to it as emotional tension, not as hysterical excitement, for it is denied by the advocates of the Revival that the latter, but acknowledged that the former, is conspicuous in the revival. Thus "the vast congregations," writes Mr. Stead, "were as soberly sane, as orderly, and at least as reverent as any congregation I ever saw beneath the dome of St. Paul's when I went to hear Canon Liddon." But he adds: "It was aflame with a passionate religious enthusiasm the like of which I have never seen at St. Paul's;" and again:

There was absolutely nothing wild, violent, hysterical, unless it be hysterical for the labouring breast to heave with sobbing that cannot be repressed, and the throat to choke with emotion as a sense of the awful horror and shame of a wasted life suddenly bursts upon the soul.¹

Still there are witnesses, Mr. Stead himself included, who acknowledge to occasional and even more than occasional displays of an excitement which it is easy to recognize as hysterical, and from the intermingling of which with the comparatively milder phenomena described in the passages already quoted seem to show that even the latter are not far removed from the same category as those others with which they are in such close continuity.

Thus we read of a meeting at St. Just, which the reporter to the *Methodist Recorder* calls an instance of *Wales redivivus*.

No sooner had we finished the Backslider's hymn than the backslider himself appeared at the communion-rails, and solo and sermon had to go, and the penitents had to flock like doves to the inquiry room. Some people would call it Bedlam; some would certainly think we were drunk; some would say there was far too much excitement and noise; but one thing is certain, St. Just is having such a shaking as it has not had for years. The man from England may look on with

¹ Op. cit. p. 35.

disgust. He forgets that we are Celts; when we see our fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and husbands and wives, giving their hearts to the Lord, we cannot help getting excited. "If we don't shout we shall bust," said one man.¹

This, indeed, was in Cornwall, but in Wales itself instances of the same extravagance are reported. Thus Mr. Edward Clifford, the Honorary Secretary of the Church Army, in his sympathetic article in the *Record*,² says of a meeting at Merthyr Tydvil:

The prayers are certainly sometimes excited . . . one young man seemed to me too excited, and reminded one of the boy in Raphael's picture of the Transfiguration. A little boy about nine years old prayed with great earnestness for a long time, quite holding the attention of the great audience, but I dare not say that either was wrong.

And at Penheolgerrig, a village in the same neighbourhood, Mr. Allworth Eardley tells us of "the finest example of high-wrought feeling I ever saw."

A young man who, as I was told, had been up to a few weeks before a desperate character . . . would begin either in prayer or testimony (and I heard him two or three times), with a tone of deep earnestness. Then, as he became more strongly moved, the words poured forth, first in rhythmic intonation, then in exquisitely musical cadences, till at last, his whole body swaying to and fro, his words sobbed and wailed out in a passionate falsetto, and the whole congregation, as if smitten by an unseen hand, bowed and quivered under the storm.³

And—to omit further illustrations to the same effect—Mr. Stead in other pages of his little tract, uses terms which require us to discount considerably the milder language of the passages we have just heard from him.

[The South Wales Revival, he says] reminded me of the effect which travellers say is produced on the desert by the winds which propel the sand-storms, beneath which whole caravans have been engulfed. The wind springs up, no one knows from whence. Its eddying gusts lick up the sand, and soon the whole desert is filled with moving columns of sand, swaying and dancing and whirling as if they were instinct with life . . . There is something there from the Other World. You cannot say whence it comes or whither it is going, but it moves and lives and reaches for you all the time. You see men and

¹ *Methodist Recorder* for February 23rd.

² *Loc. cit.*

³ *Methodist Recorder* for March 9th.

women go down in sobbing agony before your eyes as the invisible Hand clutches at their heart. And you shudder. It's pretty grim, I tell you. If you are afraid of strong emotions you'd better give the Revival a wide berth.¹

In the man who is generally recognized as the leading spirit in this Revival movement, one expects to find condensed the characteristics which are its distinguishing note. What then about the religious physiognomy of Evan Roberts, as it is portrayed to us by those who have been observers of his personality? That this young man is as full of a sincere and ardent zeal and piety, as he is conspicuous for his amiable and lovable disposition, seems undoubted; and Mr. Allworth Eardley, in the report already referred to, answers us that "in Mr. Roberts, at least, there is nothing excitable or exciting," . . . and that he "is hardly ever, if at all, carried away as so many are into passionate eloquence under the impulse of strong feeling." But if Mr. Stead's account is to be trusted, he is by no means wanting in those features which are usually considered morbid, and ascribed to hysteria. According to his own account at Trecynon last November, "for years he was a faithful member of the Church, a zealous worker, and a free giver; but he had recently discovered that he was not a Christian. . . . It was only since he had made that discovery that a new light had come into his life."² "This light dawned upon him," says Mr. Stead, "in the privacy of his own room;" but the fervour of his prayer on that occasion would seem to have found stirring expression, for "Mr. Davis, a Newport Baptist, is the authority for the statement that Roberts was turned out of his lodgings by his landlady, who thought that in his enthusiasm he was possessed or somewhat mad; he spent hours praying and preaching in his rooms, until the lady became afraid of him and asked him to leave." His own account of his experiences at that time, is that one night, after he had been praying in great distress about (the failure of Christianity), he went to sleep, but waking up suddenly at one o'clock in the morning, he "found himself with unspeakable joy and awe in the very presence of the Almighty God," and for the space of four hours "was privileged to speak face to face with Him as a man speaks face to face with a friend;" also, that "it was not only that morning but every morning for three or four months,"

¹ *Ibid.* p. 25.

² *Revival in the West*, p. 4.

and that during it he "saw things in a different light, and knew that God was going to work in the land, and not this land only but in all the world."¹ And consistently with this conception of his call was his early preaching.

Roberts does not call his hearers to repentance, but speaks of having been called to fulfil the words of the Prophet Joel; "Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." He tells the audience that he is speaking under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and he describes what he sees. . . . He does not speak much, but invites the congregation to sing, or pray, or read the Scriptures, as the Spirit moves them.²

And the following facts—the last of which, however, seems hardly credible—point to the morbid character of his temperament:

The truth about Evan Roberts is that he is very psychic, with clairvoyance well developed and a strong visualizing gift. One peculiarity about him is, that he has not yet found any watch that will keep time when it is carried in his pocket.³

Nor, if the truth must be told, are the contributors to the Nonconformist press unwilling to recognize the large part which nervous excitement is taking in this revival movement. They may dislike the name, but the thing they are disposed to welcome and to magnify.

It (is) nothing less than the Pentecostal blessing: "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your young men shall see visions. . . . Yea, and on the servants and handmaidens in those days will I pour forth my Spirit, and they shall prophesy."

So says Mr. Allworth Eardley,⁴ who is but voicing a conviction which seems to be general among his co-religionists.

So far we have been chiefly engaged in noting the facts, but it is time to form some conclusions as to the character of this tidal-wave of religious enthusiasm, which, after commencing in Wales, shows some signs of overflowing the ranks of Evangelical Protestantism throughout the kingdom. And in the first place we may clearly dismiss the hypothesis of a Pentecostal renewal. The miracle of Pentecost is a dangerous precedent under which to seek shelter, as many a previous

¹ *Ibid.* p. 42.

² *South Wales Daily News* for November 14th. See *Revival in the West*, p. 47.

³ Mr. Stead, *ibid.* p. 54.

⁴ *Methodist Recorder* for March 9th.

episode in the history of Protestantism testifies. Nor is it necessary to invoke so sublime a causality in order to explain phenomena which are readily accounted for by the contagious nature of enthusiasm—especially when it arises among populations which have been taught for generations to regard religion as an affair of the feelings, and to confound conversion with ebullitions of nervous emotion. For it is just there that we must look to understand correctly the nature of these Protestant Revivals. A "conversion" in the Catholic sense of the term is a very intelligible process, which puts no undue strain on a man's nature or on any of his faculties or impulses. In its essence it is an affair of his mind and will, the emotions entering in only as subordinate elements to support and strengthen the action of the will. He is taught by his faith to distinguish between original and actual sin, and between mortal and venial. He knows that original sin is not sin for which he has to reproach himself personally, but an inherited deprivation of the grace which he has already recovered, or can recover, through Baptism. He knows that mortal sin is the only sin that slays the soul by depriving it again of this Baptismal grace, and that, if he should have been so miserable as to fall into it, then certainly he ought to bewail his own personal baseness in heartfelt sorrow. He knows, however, that even then there is no ground for despair, since, thanks to the merits of his Redeemer, the fountains of mercy are ever flowing, and he can be sure of forgiveness, not indeed with the absolute assurance of faith, but with a reasonable assurance which suffices to give him peace of heart, if only he has sought forgiveness at the right sources and with a sincerely penitent heart. On the other hand, he knows that it is possible for one who is watchful and prayerful to keep free from mortal sin for long periods together, or even through life, and that he need not therefore fear to have incurred its guilt, if his conscience, after a careful examination, acquits him of it. And as regards venial sin, he knows that, though it is an offence against God which is sad enough, and needs to be washed out by contrition, yet it cannot of itself exclude him from Heaven or expel grace from his heart, and hence cause him to doubt about his salvation.

A "conversion" in the sense of those who hold by the famous Lutheran doctrine of Justification by Faith, is a very different process, and does directly tend to put the severest strain on the nature of those who are passing through it. There are minor differences among the different sections of Protestants

who profess this doctrine ; indeed it was over one of these differences that Wesley and Whitfield quarrelled and separated. But the Wesleyan form of the doctrine is the most general in England, and we may assume that it is in this that the mass of the Welsh revivalists have been brought up. According to this doctrine, the human heart, through the Fall, has become thoroughly depraved, so depraved that even those of a man's actions which in ordinary parlance we should call good, are in God's eyes sinful and displeasing—sin being primarily not in a man's deeds but in his personality, and from his personality communicating its infection to every desire, every utterance, every deed derived therefrom. The first stage of the deliverance from this state of fallen nature is held to consist in "conviction of sin," an awful process whereby the soul, however innocent may have been the perceptible course of its previous conduct, becomes conscious of its utter depravity, and at the spectacle is agitated with terror and anguish, and may even for a season be cast into the throes of an agonizing despair. It is an unreal process, since it ignores the essential relation of the contrition required to the sins really committed, and being unreal, it is only by violence done to nature that a man can force himself into its channel. At length, however, according to this system, the soul is led on to perceive that, after all, there is no need for this terror and despondency ; that long ago Jesus Christ atoned for the sins of men upon the Cross, and that there and then they were all forgiven. Still, does there not yet remain something for the individual soul—something for this particular soul—to do in the way of preparing itself by suitable dispositions to obtain the application of that pardon to itself? No dispositions certainly, is the reply, for to suppose that would be to introduce the abominable doctrine of human merit. He has simply to "believe" that, not merely as regards the world in general, but even as regards himself personally, this forgiveness of sins has been purchased on the Cross, and is now offered him freely and without conditions.

It is this act of "belief" or "trust" in the Saviour's offer, which is held to constitute justifying faith, and it is this which is referred to by the question so common in revivals, "Do you accept Christ?" To a Catholic it might well seem that, assuming the truth of the doctrine that no preparatory dispositions are required of the candidate for conversion, there can be no great difficulty in an act of belief which would thus become

merely a belief in the reality of our Lord's promises. But this faith is held to carry with it a feeling of absolute security, of "assurance" as it is called, in the confidence of which the converted soul can ever afterwards look back to the time of its conversion without a shadow of anxiety or uncertainty as to its reality, and say "I know I am saved, I can date back my salvation to that day and hour." And here again occasion is given for religious exercises imposing the severest psychological strain on the person who is passing through the process. It is this feeling of assurance he is striving to obtain, in the belief that it alone is the infallible sign of justification, and he must pray, and sing, and groan, and entreat, working himself up into the state of nervous tension, until he can persuade himself that he has got what he sought. There is still another stage according to this system, in the process of redemption from sin. Justifying faith, it is said, causes God to refrain from imputing any longer his sins to the sinner, but they still continue to pollute his soul. The deliverance from this pollution is through sanctification, a process which may be sudden but is usually gradual—the reality which this part of the doctrine tries to explain, being the persistence even after repentance of the evil habits which have so often led to sin in the past, and may cause relapses in the future, but which can be eradicated in a greater or less measure by steady perseverance in the Christian life.

We do not need, in view of our present purpose, to occupy ourselves further with the process of "sanctification." As regards the nature of "conviction," of "faith," of "acceptance," and of "assurance," an illustration drawn from a famous episode in Wesley's ministrations will serve to show that the account we have given is not exaggerated. At Kingswood, near Bristol, he had established a school in 1748, for the sons of the itinerant preachers and others who were anxious that their children should be brought up on strict Christian principles. The rules were not practical, and Wesley was caused much anxiety in consequence. In particular there was scant success in arousing the boys to such a sense of conviction of sin as would lead to their justification on Methodist principles. One day, however, a new era seemed to have commenced for them.

They were taken [says Southey, condensing the account contained in Wesley's own Journal], to see a corpse one day, and while the

impression was fresh upon them they were lectured upon the occasion and made to join in a hymn upon death. Some of them being much affected, they were told that those who were resolved to serve God might go and pray together; and, accordingly, fifteen of them went, and, in Wesley's language "continued wrestling with God with strong cries and tears" till their bed-time. Wesley happened to be on the spot. The excitement was kept up day after day, by what he calls "strong exhortations," and many gave their names to him, being resolved, they said, to serve God. . . . [They were urged] never to rest till they obtained a clear sense of the pardoning love of God, . . . and some of the poor children actually agreed that they would not sleep till God revealed Himself to them, and they found peace! . . . One of the masters finding that they had risen from bed, and were hard at prayer, some half-dressed and some almost naked, went and prayed and sang with them, and then ordered them to bed. It was impossible that they could sleep in such a state of delirium, they rose again, and went to the same work; and being again ordered to bed, again stole out, one after another, till, when it was near midnight, they were all at prayer again. The maids caught the madness, and were upon their knees with the children. This continued all night; and maids and men went on raving and praying through the next day, till, one after another, they every one fancied at last that they felt their justification. "In the evening all the maids, and many of the boys, not having been used to so long and violent speaking (for they had lasted from Tuesday till Saturday) were worn out as to bodily strength, and so hoarse that they were scarce able to speak." But it was added that they were "strong in the spirit, full of love, and of joy and peace in believing." . . . "Thirteen [says Wesley in his Journal] found peace with God, and four or five of them were some of the smallest there, not above seven or eight years old."¹

But the inevitable sequel came to expose the unreality of all this substitution of emotional excitement for the true action of a child's heart and mind under grace. Twelve months afterwards, we find the following notable entry in his Journal:

I spent an hour among our children at Kingswood. It is strange! How long shall we be constrained to weave Penelope's web? What is become of the wonderful work of grace which God wrought in them last September? It is gone! It is lost! It is vanished away! There is scarcely any trace of it remaining!²

Happy children! one cannot but exclaim as one hears of this their return to sanity, which left Wesley so inconsolable.

¹ Southey's *Life of Wesley*, Bohn's Edition, pp. 551, 552.

² *Ibid.*

Just fancy "children of seven or eight" being scared and terrorized in this fearful manner, and taught that thus only could they "find peace with God"!

This account of the Wesleyan doctrine of Justification, and of the incident which so strikingly illustrates its practical bearing may enable us to understand the true inwardness of what is now going on in Wales. It is acknowledged by those who sympathize with the movement that regrettable cases of hysteria are among its incidents, but it is contended that these are merely unavoidable concomitants on which too much stress ought not to be laid.

Of course [says a private informant whose words we may be permitted to quote], hysterically constituted people break down under the strain, and visionaries or fanatics take advantage of a fine opportunity for display. But the proportion of these is really very small indeed compared to the vast mass of intelligent, earnest, and well-regulated worshippers who commend the Gospel they profess. No revival that I have seen or read of since Wesley's day has been more manifestly awakened, maintained, and led by the Spirit of wisdom and holiness. There may be other spirits abroad beside the spirit of wisdom, but the servants of God know them and resolutely cast them out. When the waters of healing are stirred all kinds of funny things come to the top, and sink again—thank God! And blessed be His Holy Name, the sick are healed.

The writer of these words is a shrewd, fair-minded Baptist minister, who has had excellent opportunities for observing the present Revival, and we should wish that full weight be given to his estimate. At the same time he seems to miss the point which to our thinking is of essential importance. We readily grant that a small minority of hysterically-constituted persons, and of self-seeking persons prone to seize a fine opportunity for display, may be expected to intermingle with a majority animated by purer and more serious motives; and that the vagaries of this minority ought not to be debited to the main body. What, however, we have in mind is not these by-products, but manifestations which, though found in the well-intentioned people who form the main body of the "converts," are certainly hysterical, and yet have the full approval of the leaders of the movement, and are regarded by them as forming its choicest fruit. It is just on this account that we bring forward the Kingswood incident. Is there any medical man

who will not recognize in what there happened the morbid outcome of neural over-excitement and hysteria, and yet there were Wesley himself and his staff, highly approving and co-operating; approving and co-operating, too, precisely because the phenomena were such as their doctrine of Justification by Faith, led them to anticipate and hope for. And it is the same with the present goings-on in Wales, as the reports from which we have drawn testify in the clearest manner. Phenomena which any expert would set down to the strain of over-excitement, are welcomed and exulted over, and recognized as the effects of a truly Pentecostal outpouring. Take, for instance, the case of Evan Roberts himself. Here is a young man with what Mr. Stead calls a "strong visualizing gift;" in other words, a young man subject to delusions of the kind with which we are familiar in the victims of religious mania. He "finds himself in the very presence of God," "speaks face to face with Him as a man speaks face to face with his friend;" he conceives himself to be so palpably instructed by the Spirit of God that at one time he will refuse to fulfil his engagements on the plea that the Spirit forbids him, and at another professes to divine the secrets of hearts, and to know that grace is being withheld from the meeting because of the sin or opposition of persons whom, whilst withholding their name, he can indicate sufficiently by their office or personal characteristics. Is it possible not to feel that he is on the high road to *dementia*, if indeed he has not already reached it? And yet he is venerated by all these revivalists on account of these very aberrations which are dignified by the name of Pentecostal gifts. In view of such features in the movement it is impossible to sustain the contention that morbid excitement and hysteria are mere by-products, which the servants of God detect as such and forthwith cast out. Besides, as we have shown, the doctrine of Justification, which underlies all these endeavours after "conviction" and "assurance," tends essentially to put this undue strain upon nature, and so leads on to these unhealthy consequences.

To sum up, then, the conclusions which revival movements like the present appear to us to suggest. There is certainly much that is good in them. They originate in good, in the craving of the human heart for God, that craving which St. Augustine described so beautifully, when he exclaimed: "*Creasti sumus ad Te, Domine, et irrequietum est cor nostrum donec*

requiescat in Te." It spreads through what is good, namely, through the response from other hearts which its initial impulses find on so large a scale, a response which reveals to us how that self-same craving is still living and active in multitudes of hearts, where its existence had passed unsuspected only because it had been crushed down by a heavy burden of superimposed worldliness and sin. And it is sustained through what is good, namely through the expansion of this instinctive craving which gains strength in proportion as it is fed by the contemplation of its object. We may hope too that, even if the mass of the "converts" should relapse into former indifference when the effervescence of the movement has subsided, there will still remain a goodly number in whom the reawakening of spirit and amendment of life will prove permanent—for after all instinct is often truer than theory, and many unconscious to themselves and inconsistently with the language of their lips, will be following the true lines of Scriptural conversion and holy living, rather than those which Wesley's theology dictates to them. And surely it is matter for thanksgiving that so splendid a testimony to the hold of Christian belief on British hearts should be provided just at the time when others are speaking of it as almost extinct.

At the same time commingled with all this good which is matter for consolation there is an amount of harm which is both unnecessary and deplorable. Unnecessary, because the Lutheran doctrine of Justification, which is at the root of it all, is by no means a doctrine of the Christian Revelation. Doubtless the phrase occurs in St. Paul's Epistles, and is there much insisted on. But it is only a shallow exegesis which fails to see that neither to the word "justification," nor to the word "faith" does the Apostle attach the meaning which is attached to them by Wesley and his followers. Indeed, Wesley himself would seem to have had his occasional hesitations about the doctrine, as is discernible, as in other passages of his writings, so in his allusion to Penelope's web in the passage from his diary where he laments the backsliding of the Kingswood boys. Nor was the doctrine an original element in his system, but was derived subsequently from his intercourse with the Moravians, who had inherited it from Luther—for it is not to be met with in the writings of Christian antiquity any more than in the text of Holy Scripture. The doctrine being thus without support from the sources of Revelation, there can be no defence

of a type of religious exercise which is so disturbing to the mental balance, but is wont to be justified on the plea that it is simply necessary in view of the divinely-ordered process of conversion—if, indeed, the bare fact that the process in question has this tendency, is not sufficient to discredit its imputed sanction.

For the harm done in this way is by no means slight. Granted that downright *dementia* is the result in only a small proportion of cases, yet the revivalists have still confronting them the appalling fact that revivals in the past have been regularly followed by an increase of such cases sufficiently numerous and sufficiently specific seriously to affect the statistics of lunacy, and to be recognized by the general verdict of the medical profession as the necessary result of revivals. It was so after the revival of 1859, and it was so after the Moody and Sankey revival of 1873, as the Medical Reports testify. Around, too, this inner circle within which the evil influence has been most injuriously felt, there has regularly been a much larger circle composed of those in whom the disorders accompanying hysteria have required the doctor's care. Nor is it only these physical maladies for which the methods of revivalism are directly responsible. Appealing as they do so predominantly to the emotions, insisting so little on the calmer work of convincing the intellect by solid arguments, they lead up to resolves which have in them no principle of stability. For feelings are essentially uncertain; like the wind they are ever waxing and waning in intensity, chopping and changing in direction, and the resolves which spring from them tend to be like them in these respects. The convinced mind, on the contrary, is anchored to a bed-rock of truth which never can change; and though the good resolves which it evokes are not exempt from the liability to change inherent in all things human, they are far more durable than the resolves of the former class, through being grounded on so solid a foundation.

S. F. S.

Among the Saucepans.

THOUGH the light of religious knowledge in Filomena's mind was small, it sufficed to guide her steps safely through her world, more especially as it burnt together with the steady flame of faith and love.

Life had never been very easy for, the eldest of many children, her early days in the little Tuscan home had been spent in great poverty; with generally only the most miserable fare, and many hardships produced by the pitiless winds of winter, the scorching, blazing summer heat. But all that was long ago, and for the last forty years Filomena had been cook in the family of the Signora Durani, a childless widow, whose reduced circumstances necessitated her taking a few boarders. The Signora, now a middle-aged woman, was really of a noble Florentine family, and Filomena, who had been in her mother's service, remembered well seeing her in clothes that came from the best shops in the Via Tornabuoni, going gaily to balls and parties, where she met those of the highest standing in society. Then the Signorina made a wretched marriage; the man younger than herself she found did not care for her at all, and when he died suddenly, it was just before all her little fortune was lost through the failure of speculations which she had allowed him to make. Now in the old ramshackle, ochre-coloured house, in the unfashionable but most picturesque part of Florence, she managed to make her way. There were plenty of rooms, a good many being "to the sun," having consequently certain intrinsic value, and her visitors loved the queer old garden, where there were grey stone benches, some broken statues and vases, unexpected steps here and there from the top of which you could look down into the street, no attempt at order anywhere, and a good many trees.

Filomena, now seventy, was the Signora's right hand, and a more faithful creature could not have been found, for she had the interests of her mistress at heart, and the two other servants

knew there was no escape from her argus eye. Oreste, the general factotum of the establishment, who was her nephew, she took good care did not waste his time, or give himself airs, consequent on having lately bought a suit of black, which he wore to serve the evening dinner, his rough hands encased in white gloves, the finger ends of which were an inch too long. She told him he was an "*imbecille*," when he had smilingly said "yes" to the query of an English lady, as to whether there was oil in the food. Her scolding on that occasion made a deep impression on him; and though he knew oil by the flask was used in the cookery, he henceforward assured all inquirers that nothing but butter entered into the making of any dish. "Put a piece of butter on a hot plate you *asino*—and doesn't it turn into oil? Well, then, it's all the same thing, *ma che*. I should think so! The *forestieri* would eat nothing if they thought there was the good oil in the food, so let them think it's butter—the saints don't trouble themselves about a little tale like that, and they know the Signora has to make a living!" So spake Filomena. Ersilia, the grey-haired, deformed housemaid of fifty, was kept in good order by Filomena, who treated her like a girl, and saw when she left at night—for she slept out—that she took away no little odds and ends under her shawl.

Filomena took the boarders, who were usually American and English, metaphorically under her wing, boasting proudly, and to a certain extent truthfully, that to her many of them owed their first lessons in Italian. When she brought them their first breakfast taken in their rooms, she used to stay a little, amusing herself teaching them the names of the objects about the room. To her they were interesting specimens of humanity, requiring so much water, eating cold butter for breakfast, insisting on tidily arranged trays, and various other foolish things, but *pazienza*! they were the means whereby the Signora lived, and after all they had their good qualities. Filomena had a vigorous Tuscan accent and changed all the c's into h's, as her pupils discovered sooner or later.

Filomena worked hard, going out early to do the marketing, an occupation she thoroughly relished, enjoying the inevitable bargaining and haggling which took place over a head of lettuce, some cocks'-combs for a *vol au vent*, no matter what. It was all part of the performance in no way to be omitted by purchaser or vendor. On some week-days Filomena would look into one

of the beautiful churches, with their dim frescoes, shining marbles, and rich shrines, and she would hear "*un po' di messa*," or else kneel awhile before the *Santissimo*, or have a little talk with the *Madonna Santa* or her favourite saint. She would exchange loud whispers with any old crony near, and the news which interested both would be told between the well-worn beads of her rosary. The whole surroundings spoke of heavenly things to the tired old servant, who when a faint cluck from the much enduring fowl hanging by its legs from her arm suggested household cares, would sigh, take up her basket and the day's burden as well, then after a copious splashing with holy water would make her way across the bridge and up the crowded irregular streets till she reached home.

Filomena went to Mass on Sundays and days of obligation most faithfully, she had made her *Pasqua* regularly all her life, she could neither read nor write, but her life was lived in direct touch with heavenly things. Seldom did she forget her *Angelus Domini*, or fail to remember the dead when the *De Profundis* bell rang at one hour of the night. On Fridays when the raucous sound of the church bell tolled at three o'clock in memory of the Redeemer's death, she thought of it too. Now and then, say in Advent or Lent, or during the novena of a popular saint she would find time to run in and hear a little of the sermon or join in some of the prayers. When she listened to words about *Gesù* and His Holy Mother her heart was warmed, and when she heard of the wonderful things the saints and good people had done she felt a longing to do something too! There were desires and aspirations in her soul, which asserted themselves pretty often, and these are never lost, for on those who hunger and thirst after justice is a blessing pronounced by the Eternal Word Himself. As for alms, she sighed as she reflected that beyond an odd soldo to a beggar she gave none. In her simplicity and humility she never thought that serving her poor mistress for scanty wage and spending a large share of the latter to help a blind sister, were alms golden and great! Like all who do much she desired to do more, for only those who do little for God and for Him in others, ever rest satisfied. The *Pasqua delle noci* in autumn, one year found the house filling almost as soon as the Signora had returned from a brief *villeggiatura* at Via Reggio, whither she, with the two black poodles, Stella and Sole, had betaken herself.

One Sunday morning, after the parochial Mass in the little

church near, where Filomena had stood packed and squeezed with no room to move, much less to kneel, she met a girl she knew who was going to try her vocation as a Carmelite. Marianina's face was full of light and joy, and Filomena listened while she told her of the life she expected to lead.

"*Ma che*," said Filomena, "it's a good thing there are some to pray so much while we *poverine* have to work! *Però—Gesù* isn't to be found only in the cloisters, my girl, *Grazie a Dio!* Did you ever hear of Martha and Mary?"

Marianina nodded.

"Well, they were sisters, and one day some one said to *Gesù*: 'There's Martha working all day and hardly gives any time to praying, and there's Mary who is always praying; why don't You tell Martha to pray more?' Well, and what do you think *Gesù* said?" inquired Filomena, not waiting for an answer.

"He said, said *Gesù*, 'You just let Martha alone, she will find Me among the saucepans!'" and Filomena nodded adieu to Marianina, crossed the road to the house, and as she did so she reflected that her memory was really very good, for it was forty years or more since she had heard those good words in a *fervorino* preached at the First Communion of her little niece.

Taking the big key from her pocket Filomena unlocked the door of the long low green-shuttered house, and as she closed it on entering all things seemed to fade away, the barking of the dogs in the garden, her mistress calling her sounded dim and far off, the next thing of which she was conscious being to find herself lying on her bed, the Signora peering with her short-sighted eyes into her face.

The Signora had herself run for the doctor, stopping on her way just to put the numbers in the lottery, corresponding to the day of the week and Filomena's fainting, and she brought him back with her. He was a white-haired old man with kind reassuring manner which calmed the Signora's agitation and seemed to comfort Filomena as he sat with his fingers on her brown old wrist. She was very poorly indeed, for it seemed her heart was affected and as the Signor Priore was sent for to anoint her, the neighbours all thought her death-warrant was signed. They debated from which windows in their respective flats they would be able to get the best view of the funeral, for the Signora would certainly, they decided, give her good old servant a fine *trasporto*.

Filomena, however, did not die, but after lying in a lethargic

state for some days, saying little, sleeping much, taking the food and medicine the anxious Signora administered with her own hands, she suddenly, feeling better, roused herself, and her mistress one afternoon found her sitting on a chair by her bedside; she was fully dressed. Stella who lay at her feet rose at the Signora's entrance barking shortly, and wagging her tufted tail.

The poor Signora had an unpleasant task to perform, and her usual nervous manner was accentuated as she talked more rapidly than ever, patting Stella and then pushing her away half-consciously. Signora Durani told Filomena that three American ladies were coming and would fit nicely into the rooms unexpectedly vacated the day before; she said that odious boy Pippo had thrown a stone at Sole, and but for her he would have been bitten. Anastasia Loretta, the laundress, had twins, a boy and girl, baptized at the old baptistery of course, and called Pietro Giuseppe Antonio, and Felicia Martina Vittoria. The Christmas Novena was to begin next Tuesday at the church near, and Padre Ranieri, the celebrated Jesuit—*motto dotto*—was to preach it. How full the church would be! She would go though she had been told that his sermons were over almost as soon as he had begun them—never more than three-quarters of an hour, there were—

Here by mistake she pulled Stella's sore ear, the dog snarled, and the Signora apologized and comforted her.

"Signora, what is it?" asked Filomena, who reading her mistress' face accurately was not to be put off by all this talk.

"*Niente, niente*—no I don't mean that, Filomena," said the Signora, "there's just a little something I have to say," and she smiled nervously. "The doctor says that you must positively not do any cooking for six months, the fire is bad for you—and you must rest."

The wrinkled, lined face of Filomena changed in expression, growing pale as she groaned, though when severe pain had followed the faint no sound had escaped her.

"And you, Signora mia!" she asked, "who will do the cooking? for I know Pia"—Oreste's sister-in-law—"can't stay."

"It's all right," said the Signora, "really it's a *divina providenza* that the Contessa Grazzini should have lost her mother-in-law a fortnight ago, for she must go to Naples for six months exactly—strange *è vero*?—she is shutting up her house in the Viale Amadeo and she has offered me to have

Giovanni, he is a capital cook, will take your place till you are well and strong ; you can do little things about the house and help me very much."

Filomena remained silent, and her mistress guessed that the news was not altogether agreeable. To have had Pia to help, one whom she could send about, scold, keep in order, that would have answered perhaps, but——

Before Filomena's mind was the prospect of seeing another person in her kitchen who might not be submissive like Pia. However, there was no help for it and *vediamo!* perhaps he would be very glad to learn how to cook some of her favourite dishes and make *pomodoro* sauce as she flattered herself few could do.

Next day when Giovanni, white capped, spick and span, arrived and found Filomena in the kitchen, he very quickly intimated that he knew his business, required no instructions, and intended to be master. It was a condescension on his part he told her, to come to a *pensione* at all, and——

"*Pensione!*" exclaimed Filomena. "This is not a *pensione*, the Signora just takes a few ladies and gentlemen to——"

Giovanni shrugged his shoulders, and turning his back on Filomena, called Oreste to help him then and there to turn out the kitchen, for he would cook nothing in such a dirty place—and filthy it was!

This was the last straw, and when the Signora met Filomena, white and trembling on the stairs, she feared another heart attack was imminent. Feeling deeply for the servant she loved so well, she would have spared her this trial had it been possible, but it was not in face of the grave orders of the doctor, and as it had to be—well, Giovanni's advent was a godsend. Filomena never mentioned Giovanni's name, but allowed Oreste and Ersilia to tell her all that went on, though it roused her anger to hear it. The entire kitchen had been turned out, cleaned, and the dogs forbidden, to their astonishment, to enter it. The cook gave great satisfaction to the boarders ; as for economy, why, he spent even less than she did at the market, making *polpetti* of veal which he called chicken, no one at table being any the wiser. The way in which he used *lesso*,¹ turning it to account in many ways—well, that was wonderful!

Filomena's forehead, already furrowed and pleated, seemed even to gather fresh folds ; she was silent, remarkably so for

¹ Meat from which soup has been made.

her, going about her work, much better in health as her mistress delightedly observed, but with jealousy gnawing at her heart as no human being but herself knew. It was pain and grief to her to be forced to eat the food Giovanni cooked, and of that she ate as little as possible, and only what was barely necessary to keep her alive.

Christmas and New Year's Day came and went. On the latter of course every one who wished for good fortune ate grapes, but Filomena could not touch them, knowing that Giovanni had procured them, and that they were undoubtedly finer and cheaper than those she had herself bought last year. The days seemed to crawl, for she had so little to do in comparison with former times. On market days she went into the town, always busy then, with an added picturesqueness made by the tomato-coloured coats lined with green and trimmed with fur, worn by so many of the men from the country. She met friends, had little chats, and longed for the day when she could again reign in her old kingdom.

Then came the Carnival, Giovanni himself making the Carnival cake, with oranges, eggs, and flour, and very good it was, though Filomena scorned to taste it. She lay awake on Shrove Tuesday night listening to the bells, which until midnight rang in the great Fast, many thoughts passing through her mind. Filomena was a shrewd old woman, knowing quite well that she had fanned the flame of jealousy until it had grown into bitter hatred of a really most unoffending individual, who doing his own work very thoroughly, never interfered with any one else, and who she knew had really saved the situation, to the content of the rest of the house, even to the poodles, who were well looked after, though banished from their hitherto favourite haunt. Sometimes she was alarmed by the strength of her dislike, for she felt she could have killed him. However, *a Dio piacente*, he would be gone by the *fiesta* of San Zenobio, when everyone buys, sells, or wears roses in honour of the protector of Florence, but ere he went there was something to be done.

How could she make her *Pasqua della Risurrezione*—as Easter is called in Florence—if she were not at peace with all? The custom of shaking hands with everyone in the house on Easter Day was always kept up by the conservative Signora, and those who had offended or were at variance, begged pardon, made friends, in honour of the Easter peace, what could she do

then? For Filomena knew well she must turn out of her heart the bitterness, the lack of charity, the fierce jealousy—and that was no easy task—ere she knelt to receive the Holy One. She could never like Giovanni, but that she was not required to do. Only that general fraternal love, so opposed to all she now was experiencing, would have to be in her will, would and must affect her actions if she would have the right dispositions for receiving her Lord in Holy Communion.

Her own words regarding finding our Lord “among the saucepans” returned to her mind, and she smiled at the way in which they were literally coming true! She had longed to do something great for God—something difficult—well, here it was; work so interior, so hidden from mortal eye, and yet so extremely valuable. It needed many prayers, continued efforts, beads told over and over again, until much more by these means was effected than at one time she would have believed possible.

Filomena was never strong enough to undertake all the work she used to do before her illness, but with Pia's help, when summer came, she reigned again in her dear old kitchen, with her drawers and cupboards as untidy as ever, with the poodles in and out as before, and gradually the memory of Giovanni faded from her mind.

LOUISA EMILY DOBRÉE.

The Battle of the Schools in Belgium.

(1879—1884.)

III.

THE LIBERAL PERSECUTION.

UNABLE to suppress the Catholic Free Schools, the existence of which was guaranteed by the Constitution, the Government of M. Frère-Orban was obliged to compete with them, and to do this effectively it had to employ every means and utilize every influence at its disposal.

The first care of the Minister of Public Instruction was to reconstitute the machinery of education, greatly disorganized by the resignation of its most experienced officers. No difficulty was found in filling up the vacancies in the higher offices; but the case was different in respect of the schoolmasters and mistresses, a number of whom were required in a very short time to provide for the new schools and to fill up the posts left vacant by the resignation of the Christian masters.

M. Van Humbeeck was dismayed to see these resignations multiply as the date approached for the reopening of the classes in 1879. More than two thousand new teachers were needed to supply the official schools of all the communes in the country, and fresh vacancies were occurring every day, notwithstanding the intimidating measures to which he had recourse. A hunt for teachers was organized. Inspectors were everywhere set to work to recruit masters—certificated, "or even not certificated"—said the Ministerial circular. The law which excluded foreigners from holding educational posts was suspended by Royal decree. The War Office invited colonels to send in the names of any old teachers in the army capable (?) of acting as primary teachers.

The dearth still continuing, a large number of non-certificated pupils from sixteen to seventeen years of age, were taken from the State normal schools and appointed to the

office of communal teachers ; at length even totally inexperienced youths were employed. A teacher who had been one year only at a normal school was sent to Reppel ; one of fifteen years of age was set over the school of Oedelem ; Geerdingen received a young man who had only passed through a primary school. These incredible nominations, made contrary to the wish and rights of the communes, became of frequent occurrence, and the Minister ended by applying to totally incompetent people. The charge of the official school at Ellicom was intrusted to a traveller ; at Greindl the post of master was filled by a boy of thirteen years. In other places men of worthless character were unscrupulously appointed : at Woubrechtgem, for example, the tuition of the two pupils attending the official school was intrusted to a master notorious for drunkenness ; while Opoeteren was afflicted with one who, as the result of proceedings brought against him in the court of justice, had been compelled to tender his resignation in another commune.

No less difficulty was experienced in providing teachers for the girls. In vain the Minister emptied the normal schools, engaged every candidate who presented herself, and contented himself with young girls who had had no teaching beyond that given in a primary school or workroom ; in vain he even went so far as to hire nurses and domestic servants ; during several months a number of classes remained empty for want of mistresses to conduct them, and until 1884 the staff of women teachers was insufficient.

In reality, taking into account the appalling inferiority of the number of official pupils, the difficulty was not so great as it was made to appear.

In the sitting of the Chamber of the 18th November, 1879, M. Frère-Orban announced, somewhat complacently, that there were *only* 168 official schools *absolutely* deserted in the whole country. Significant though it was, this avowal of the Prime Minister was not adequate. The number of empty schools was, in reality, much more considerable, and to this should have been added a still larger number which were almost destitute of scholars.

In Limbourg there were 38 communal schools completely empty ; in Eastern Flanders there were 53 which had no pupils, and 68 others in which there were not more than 10 children. In the province of Namur 38 communes contained one or more

schools absolutely deserted; there were more than 61 which did not count 10 scholars each. In Luxembourg the proportion was still larger. In that province there were 32 communes where not a single boy or girl attended the school; while 59 schools did not muster 5 pupils each, and 64 had from 5 to 9, but did not reach 10. In the whole country, 728 communes, or about one-third of the total number, did not count more than 25 children in any of their official schools. Here is a little fact which exhibits a state of things which was found also in many other rural districts. The only pupil at the communal school of Moerkerke was a little boy of nine years; one day the Curé met the poor child walking alone in the fields. "Well, my boy," he said, "is there no school to-day?" "No, Father; when I do not go to school, there is no school."

Even these brilliant results were not obtained without great efforts. Together with the hunt for teachers a regular hunt for pupils had been organized all over the country. Application was first made to those whose situation made them dependent on the central administration; nearly everywhere, in fact, the great majority of the children attending the State schools were either inmates of public institutions, or the children of the teachers themselves or of other State officials. In many rural communes the children of these functionaries were the only pupils in the neutral schools. On the other hand, the members of the official school committees, pedagogues of all ranks, poor-law masters, the liberal rural guards, and other freethinkers, set to work conscientiously beating up the smallest hamlets, and bringing in all they succeeded in finding, enrolling without distinction scholars big and little, who did not attend any school for the good reason that they were either too old or too young. In the adult schools at Houffalize there were pupils of forty, fifty, sixty, and even seventy years of age. Many primary schools, on the contrary, were attended by infants of tender years. M. Beernaert drew the notice of the Chamber to a girls' school in West Flanders which contained ten pupils of not more than three-and-a-half years of age.

There are classes [declared M. Malou] which are filled with little dots to such an extent, that at the close of the school one half of the pupils carry away the remainder; it is even said, that on account of their want of training, it has been found necessary to put sand down behind the benches.

In an important commune of East Flanders, a member of the official education committee one day triumphantly brought a child to a schoolmistress to occupy the empty benches of her school. The schoolmistress remonstrated, as the child was only *a year and a half old*. The recruiting agent, however, insisted and threatened dismissal, but without success. The child was taken back to its mother, but an unfavourable report of the teacher was sent to the Minister of Public Education.

The public hostility to the Education Law became menacing, especially in the country districts, where every token of dislike was shown to the neutral teachers. The latter had made themselves detested to such a degree, that in many villages the inhabitants treated them as renegades, and abstained from any intercourse with them. In some places the carriers refused to convey them and their goods to their new habitations. Elsewhere the peasants declined to sell them necessary food, and they were obliged to procure bread, meat, and beer from the neighbouring towns. Tradesmen refused to supply them with goods. Sometimes there was no lodging attached to the school, and the teacher had to find a room in the village; then the owners joined in declining to let them one, and they were obliged to lodge outside the place.

The communal administrations were also, as a rule, hostile to the new teaching. They usually declined to exercise their right of nominating the master and abstained from voting his salary. Most of them energetically opposed the erection of new schools, and indirectly supported the free education, which was that alone which the people desired.

The only thing for the Government to do in face of this formidable opposition was to temporize. It did just the contrary, and rushed headlong into the fight against liberty of conscience, and local autonomy. We will follow this iniquitous strategy in its varying phases, and note how free education was combated by wasteful expenditure; how parents were tempted by the bait of gratuitous education, and their vigilance deceived by a hypocritical simulation of false religious zeal; how shameful pressure was put upon them; and lastly how free education was itself directly attacked, and the clergy who upheld it subjected to the ignominy of examination by an educational commission.

"We have established a system of education," exclaimed a high Masonic dignitary in the Chamber; we must maintain

it." And without taking the wish of the nation into consideration, the Government proceeded to execute the *ukase* of Freemasonry. It commenced by robbing the communal treasuries, by imposing exorbitant education rates on them, veritable war taxes.

The object in view was two-fold. On the one hand it was hoped that while the machinery of the Government was being strengthened, Catholics would in the long run grow weary of contributing twice over for the same object; and on the other hand vengeance was being taken on the recalcitrant communes by ruining them, and their resistance was punished by the destruction of their autonomy.

It was perfectly well recognized in high circles that this method of procedure would have no immediate results in the way of filling the empty schools; but at least it was made quite apparent that the Government had no idea of drawing back. To exhaust the nation, in order the better to fight it, was the programme of the Masonic educational policy. The communes were to be fleeced, not on account of any real necessity in the public service, but because of the sympathies and preferences which the inhabitants showed for free education.

New schools were decided on, in precisely those communes where official teaching was viewed with most disfavour—exactions, the real vindictive character of which the Government did not attempt to disguise. The number of superfluous teachers increased in proportion to the diminution of the number of their pupils; they became Ministerial bailiffs, living at the expense of the inhabitants. In short the Government seemed to have taken for its maxim, that the less the recourse had to official education in a commune, the heavier were to be the education rates.

These performances of the Liberal policy in all their details were made known to the country through the medium of the Catholic press, and by the chiefs of the Right in their speeches in the Chamber and in the Senate. Every year the discussion of the Education Budget was the occasion of a regular complaint being made against the Government, and its shocking wastefulness. We will extract some particularly striking passages from these exposures of facts.

And first a few words as to the schools. The rule was to construct new ones everywhere, even where the existing schools more than sufficed. At Sainte-Marie-Hoorebeke, a commune containing less than 1,000 souls, two schools were established

for boys, two for girls, and two infant schools. At Oostakker there was a mixed communal school with eleven pupils, nine boys and two girls; the Minister ordered the commune to erect a girls' school. At Beveren, near Roulers, there was one pupil in the official school; the Minister insisted on another school being established. In Limbourg the number of children attending the public schools had formerly been 25,000; it had fallen to 4,800, but that did not hinder M. Van Humbeeck from decreeing the erection of more than a hundred new schools. From 1879 to 1884, the communes spent more than 26,000,000 francs in educational buildings, and that in spite of a decrease of more than 300,000 pupils.

The appointment of teachers was the occasion of still more revolting abuses. As we have seen, they were nearly all nominated by the State, the communes for the most part declining to have any hand in this shameful waste of the public money. At length the Government went so far as to choose teachers without even consulting those communal administrations which were judged to be unfriendly.

Everything was done according to the will and pleasure of the Government. A few examples will suffice to prove this. At Zwevezele there was a schoolmaster for two children; this was not enough; the Minister appointed an under-master. At Oos Roosebeke there was only one pupil in the State school. It seemed as if one teacher ought to suffice, and the commune was of this opinion, but it was mistaken; the Government inflicted a second master on them. And this was not all; the solitary pupil left the school, so that thenceforth the two teachers passed the day in looking at each other. At Opbrakel, a village containing 1,750 souls, the communal school for boys was empty, whilst for girls there was one child, not belonging to the commune; now for that one girl there was a headmaster, an under-master, an under-mistress, and the Minister nominated a second under-mistress.

There was no limit to the abuses which were exercised to increase the emoluments of these interesting functionaries. M. Van Humbeeck was not content with the sums granted by the communes as fixed by the law; he everywhere increased them, and usually without the slightest grounds, or on the most frivolous pretexts.

The official school at Thilrode contained one scholar, a girl, who was taught by a master and a mistress. The former received

a salary of 1,800 francs, and an additional 100 for teaching the catechism: another 200 francs was added for . . . "an adult school" which was never attended by any one but the master himself. As for the mistress, she received 1,200 francs, so that the education of one little girl cost the commune the trifling sum of 3,300 francs in salaries only. At Burst a mistress for needlework was appointed, the wife of the master, although the official school was only attended by three boys. At Laerne twenty-two pupils attended the school, boys and girls, including the master's four children; among the masculine part of these were quite little boys in petticoats. The place of under-master fell vacant, and the communal council struck it out of the Budget of 1880. M. Van Humbeeck hastened to fill up the vacancy, and appointed one of the master's sons, leaving it to the master to choose whichever of his three sons he thought best. The eldest was thirteen years old, but the second, a boy of twelve, who still attended the paternal school, was selected. The Minister had allotted a salary of 1,200 francs to the place of under-master; a splendid opening for a young man, who thus passed at one bound from the pupil's bench to the master's desk. But this was not all. M. Van Humbeeck, who wished to prove the affection he had for his teachers, appointed the wife of the schoolmaster to the post of "mistress of manual works," which brought her in 500 francs for teaching two girls to knit, one of whom was her own child. This privileged family thus received the sum of 3,900 francs a year from the communal budget of Laerne.

The administrations, solicitous for the interests of their constituents, fought as long as possible, and resisted the exactions of the Ministry to the uttermost of their power. Sometimes they gained their cause, thanks to the energy and perseverance of their opposition; but more often their protests were useless against the combined forces of centralization and bureaucracy; they only succeeded in drawing on themselves the anger of the Government, and in provoking fresh annoyances.

It seemed as if a fourth power had established itself in the State, a power absorbing all the others, imposing itself on all, and calling itself the *Education Authority*. Everything had to yield, and did yield before the despotism of this authority; it discounted beforehand the Ministerial, and even the Royal signature. It was useless to endeavour to learn by what rules this educational authority was guided, upon what principles it was based, by whom it was directed, who it was that fixed the

salary of one master at 200 francs, of another at 300 or 400 francs, though the positions of these masters were absolutely identical, as they all, or nearly all, found themselves in empty schools.

To weary out the "clerical" communes, to thwart free education, to act as a spy on too independent burgomasters and other functionaries, to make itself the servile accomplice of the Ministry, these were in fact the only real occupations of this mysterious power, to which provincial governors, district commissaries, inspectors, members of school committees, and schoolmasters appointed to lucrative sinecures were subject. A rigorous system of espionage was carried on; the schoolmasters who wished to please, considered this the road to preferment; they knew that by acting the spy and giving information they made themselves well known, and they spied and denounced to the utmost. Not only were accusations received, but they were solicited, suggested by the Government agents. They often afforded pretext for administrative or judicial inquiries. A communal administration might find itself reputed factious on the faith of an anonymous denunciation. The superior power acted towards the local authorities exactly as if it were in a conquered nation. Incited by the informers in its pay, it made or unmade the communal budgets, it built or enlarged the schools, it unceasingly augmented the number of schoolmasters, and introduced its own creatures into the lucrative posts of official education.

While the Government was carrying out this system of waste, the Liberal communal administrators more cunningly endeavoured to gratify the spirit of economy of the parents by giving absolutely gratuitous education in the schools placed under their direction. Equally lavish with money not belonging to them, as they were niggardly in spending their own funds, Belgian Liberals never hesitated to saddle the public with the burden by which they themselves profited. In this instance the Liberals were generous at the expense of the Catholics, and paid for gratuitous neutral teaching with the money of all the ratepayers.

The large towns set the example, the village potentates followed suit. Some administrations, not content with providing free education, also gave clothes and annual gratuities to the children attending the communal schools. At Neufchâteau

tickets on the Saving's Bank were promised; at Ruelle all school necessities were given gratuitously, except to those boys whose sisters did not attend the official school. The communal administration of Pamele (fourteen pupils and four teachers) gave presents of linen to the parents, and drums and dolls to the children. But Verviers surpassed them all in this touting for pupils. In order to induce parents to send their children to the communal schools, a dentist was appointed to give his services to the pupils gratis.

The permanent deputations of the Provincial Councils, whose legal province it was to control the budgets of the communes, tried hard to keep within due limits the gratuitous admission of children in the communal schools, and to restrain the zeal of those communes which, in contravention of their resolutions, still continued to make additions to their lists of poor. But these decisions seldom succeeded in hindering the effect of the measures voted by the Liberal administrations. On appeal, the Government consistently annulled the decisions of the permanent deputations, on the pretence that they were "prejudicial to the general interest," and "that the commune is better able than any one else to know who is to receive gratuitous teaching."

On the other hand, a large number of communes declined to put well-to-do children on their lists; in that case the Education Inspector protested, and the Government decided in favour of the Inspector. "The commune," it said, "does not understand these things, it does not know how the lists of children of an age to attend school should be drawn up; no attention can be paid to these whims." The Government thus ended by breaking its own law and almost everywhere insisting on gratuitous instruction.

But this was labour lost; the Catholics did the same in their schools, and the official establishments continued to be deserted. The "education authority" then had the names of children who attended the free schools inscribed on the official lists of poor children. The number of the Liberal pupils was thus fictitiously swelled to such an extent that at Limbourg, for example, in 1881 more than one thousand children wrongfully figured on the State inspector's list; the Charity Boards were then applied to and compelled to increase the emoluments of the official schoolmasters in proportion to the number (true or false) of poor children inscribed on their lists, and it was a revolting spectacle to see in many places these superfluous functionaries benefit by grants unduly

levied on the patrimony of the poor. What was still more odious was that children who had died, and children belonging to families in easy circumstances were inscribed on the lists of indigents. At Eecke, where the communal school did not contain a single scholar, the schoolmaster named the son of M. de Bock, a lawyer at Ghent, and owner of a country house in the locality, as being assisted by public charity. At Eyne, the Minister formally entered on the lists of poor the children of the burgo-master and the notary. An inspector of St. Trond made the daughter of a large land-owner in the suburbs, who was eligible for the Senate, appear on his list.

If the Government ended by obliging the ratepayers to defray the expenses of the schools, it had not the same coercive methods at its command to enable it to compel parents to send their children to them. It understood, when too late, the political error it had committed in rudely shocking the religious feeling of the population; in face of the general hatred excited by the law, it was resolved to modify the working of it in order to disguise its anti-religious character.

The first indications of these tactics were seen in the attitude of the Cabinet even before the parliamentary debate on the law, and the Government went further in this system of concessions, in proportion as the strife grew more stubborn, and the detestation of the nation for neutral education became more apparent. Every possible subterfuge was employed to lull the parents' misgivings. Some days before the vote, M. Frère-Orban, showing to the Chamber what religious instruction would be given under the rule of the new law, exclaimed: "It will be the same as at present; *nothing will be changed.*"—"There is no change," echoed M. Van Humbeeck, "except that the independence of the civil power will be restored."

There is no change! This was the formula which was thereafter to be hawked about in all places and on all occasions as a message of peace. "There is no change!" said the modifying circulars of M. Van Humbeeck; "the organization of 1842 continues, religious instruction will be given in the public schools exactly as in the past." "There is no change!" repeated the Government agents in chorus, and the good news immediately spread abroad everywhere; it was commented on in the confidential instructions addressed to functionaries of all

ranks; it was communicated to the parents by inspectors and members of the education committees; it was made the theme of speeches given at distributions of prizes.

M. Van Humbeeck recoiled from no sacrifice in order to show the capital importance he attached to the teaching of dogmatic morality. He bought at one time three hundred thousand francs worth of catechisms and scattered them profusely in all the communes. He fixed the remuneration of those charged with giving religious instruction in the official schools at a hundred francs yearly for each class taught. He ordered schoolmasters to teach the catechism at the usual hours, even when the parents had not formally asked for it; he encouraged them to take their pupils to church, as in the past, and to see that prayers were regularly recited before and after school. He advised, nay, he even compelled, the communal authorities to retain in their schools the religious emblems which were formerly there.

These edifying dispositions of the Minister found an immediate echo in the teaching staff. Everywhere, most unexpected and almost miraculous conversions took place: where, under the law of 1842, all the efforts of ecclesiastical inspectors and priests had failed, the circulars of M. Van Humbeeck succeeded at the first onslaught. On reading them, schoolmasters who till that time showed little piety, felt themselves touched by grace, and began to "practise" fervently. The Sunday Mass was no longer enough for them, they were to be seen in church nearly every day; to the ordinary school prayers, which were said with unusual regularity, they sometimes added the Rosary; in short, they endeavoured to prove to the astonished public that they were better Christians than their adversaries the "clericals."

Certain burgomasters went still further. Desirous of showing their zeal for "the august religion of their fathers," the most violent of them assumed airs of toleration and piety. At Mechelen-sur-Meuse, the burgomaster put a notice on the official school bearing the words "*Communal Catholic School*." Elsewhere the local administrations still further accentuated the religious character of their schools by placing in them many objects of piety. In a commune near Antwerp, the administration put up a notice that it had placed "two crucifixes, two statues of the Blessed Virgin, a statue of St. Joseph, and a statue of the Holy Child" in the official school. In the district of Philippeville,

the burgomasters distributed rosaries in the school. At Peruwelz, M. de Kerchove, Governor of Hainaut, presiding at a prize distribution, spoke with tears in his voice of "the venerated image of Christ, that sweet consolation of the afflicted, that holy example of devotion and goodness." "Do not be uneasy," he added, "it will continue to occupy the place of honour in the school."

This comedy deceived no one, and while the Government endeavoured to cast a veil over the principles and tendencies of its schools, the Catholic communal councillors, on the contrary, took care to show them up whenever an occasion presented itself; sometimes they refused to vote for the money to buy catechisms destined for the public schools; sometimes they forbade the official schoolmasters to make their pupils recite religious lessons; sometimes they had the religious emblems taken away from the official school. In vain the Government cancelled these orders; it could not overcome the mistrust of the people. But the hypocrisy of the Cabinet did not only excite the disgust of the Catholics; it profoundly irritated the Progressives. The latter daily asked themselves whether after having legally destroyed the religious education law, the Government was not in fact re-establishing it, and without reaping any real advantage from all these concessions.

The Law [wrote the *Flandre Libérale*] does not make it the duty of the Government to listen to the wishes of parents on the subject of religious instruction. Quite the contrary. To ascertain their views and endeavour to carry them out, beyond the limits of Article 4, would only be to embark in a fruitless and inconsistent undertaking. We freethinkers wish the school to be strictly, rigorously neutral, which is the only way to ensure the result of snatching souls from the degrading yoke imposed on them by the Church!

For some little time the Government refused to yield to these demands; but once entered on the path of radicalism, it had recourse to the rigorous measures advocated by the advanced Liberals, and first of all made use of administrative pressure. This pressure constituted their chief weapon. State education could never have been organized, and the State schools would have remained empty had it not been for the threats and force to which officials, poor fathers of families, and, in short, all those who were accessible to the argument of hunger, were exposed.

The Cabinet began by putting unheard-of pressure on all its

agents to constrain them to send their children to the public schools, or to let them remain there. Functionaries of all kinds, tax-collectors, road-makers, workers in the arsenals, official tradesmen, all those who sought for office or presented any request, had to choose between their interests and their conscience. The education inspectors made the lives of the schoolmasters a perfect purgatory, tormenting and ceaselessly worrying them on account of their lukewarmness. Some of the lower-grade politicians invited them to become members of the Liberal Association of their district. Superior functionaries might even be seen forcibly enrolling the official teachers as Freemasons. The immense army of men employed on the State railways did not escape this moral pressure any more than the rest. The education policy was even introduced into the army. The soldiers were requested to inform the Ministry what schools they had attended; those who were fathers of families had also to say how many children they had who went to school, and to what schools they sent them. Poor people who refused to send their children to the State schools were even threatened that no notice would be taken of any objections made by them when their sons, of an age for military service, should be drawn for.

The Liberal burgomasters imitated these fine examples and sometimes even surpassed them. In many communes no one employed by the committee, no policeman, not even a road sweeper, could send his children to the "clerical" school with impunity, and those who ventured to do so were at once dismissed. They learnt in this manner of how many different interpretations the terms *liberty of conscience* and *equality of all citizens in the sight of the law* are capable.

Still more odious was the pressure put on the poor and the needy sick by certain Charity Boards and Liberal communes. This is the kind of pressure which Liberalism has always most willingly practised, and on the largest scale, as besides being able to be exercised secretly, it offers more chances of success than any other. The poor, the weak, the miserable, in short, all those who suffer or who yield in silence are the prey of its cowardly attacks. The Charity Boards and Liberal administrations assisted in this work. They were everywhere aided by all who were in any way connected with the Government, and particularly by the members of the official education committees.

Hardly any idea can be formed of what the pressure of hunger meant. At first some restraint was used in the threats addressed to indigent families, as if the Government was conscious that it was a cowardly thing to do. But this period of hesitation and of the incubation of the Liberal tyranny was of no long continuance, the agents of the official education conscription soon exercised open persecution. In most of the large towns the principal object of the poor-law masters was not to distribute public help impartially and efficaciously, but to exclude Catholic parents who refused to betray the duties they owed to their children. Many communal administrations and Charity Boards were not content with these occult methods; they took steps prohibiting poor people from sending their children to the free schools, under penalty of being deprived of all help.

The Charity Boards recoiled at no extreme measures; instead of being softened by the habitual spectacle of misery and constant calls for the exercise of legal "charity," they seemed to be hardened against all movement of pity or remorse. At Olloy an old woman, seriously ill, asked the burgomaster to sign the doctor's order for medicine; the burgomaster refused because the old woman's grandchildren attended the free school; the woman died the next day. At Diest, a poor woman, eighty-five years of age, afflicted with dropsy, was deprived of her monthly allowance of five francs because her sister had resigned her post as mistress in the official infant school. In the same town the Charity Board refused the assistance of a midwife to a woman named Warnodts, and would not provide coffins to several persons whose children had died of an epidemic of smallpox. At Furnes, a poor blind man was struck off the list for a whole winter because his two little daughters attended the Sisters' school. When one of these died for want of attention and care and the man asked for a coffin for his child, the Board refused his request. "You will have nothing," they said, "until your second girl is taken away from the free school." The unhappy man stood firm; he went to the houses of all the members of the Board; he was everywhere sent away. But the populace was roused; the irritation threatened to result in a revolt, and the burgomaster was at length obliged to yield to the popular feeling.

The same things were taking place in a large number of communes. Some poor wretches at last yielded to pressure.

Others took their children from the free schools and kept them at home. The greater number resisted. At Anvers, 2,400 families, representing more than 3,000 children, preferred allowing themselves to be struck off the lists of Boards of Charity, rather than fail in their duty by withdrawing their children from the free schools.

The faith of martyrs was alive among these humble folk. In proportion as the persecution became more rigorous, so did heroic acts of sacrifice multiply. A poor sick man at Chiny, Forget-Camus, pursued even to his bed of suffering by the representatives of official philanthropy, made this proud reply to them: "If I must die for want of care and assistance, and leave my children in misery, I can at least leave them the example of my fidelity to religion." A workman at Berlaer, whom the communal schoolmistress endeavoured to induce to send his children to the neutral school, declared "that he would rather dig a hole in the earth with his hands and take refuge in it with his wife and children, than give up the latter to people who had ruined the faith of his ancestors."

At the same time that they were endeavouring to fill their schools by the means which have just been described, the Liberals made a direct attack on the liberty of teaching, which flourished so marvellously by the side of their own non-success. Diverse means were employed for the time being to cripple free instruction in its existing establishments; collections and lotteries for the benefit of the Catholic schools were forbidden in many places; foundations for free education were suppressed. A certain number of Catholic schools were closed as defective in sanitary requirements; the local administrations were forbidden to facilitate in any way the acquisition or use of places necessary for the establishment of private schools; lastly in some hundreds of communes the Government suppressed the stipend of ecclesiastics who supported schools founded by themselves out of their modest resources. But of all the measures adopted in violation of the constitution or of the law, the most celebrated, the most cynical, and that which excited to the utmost degree both the indignation of the Catholics and the disgust of all honest people, was the "Educational Inquiry" (*Enquête Scolaire*), decreed by the Chamber in 1880.

The pretext made for this inquiry was that of giving to the nation a general idea of the condition of primary education

in Belgium, and of the results of the law of 1879. A commission was appointed consisting of twenty-five members, chosen from the Chamber of Representatives, who were invested with nearly all the powers appertaining to examining magistrates.

The Commission of Education Inquiry was nominated on the 5th of May, 1880, and consisted of the most notoriously sectarian members of the majority. It issued its programme in the month of June.

The complaints made against the law by the Bishops [it stated], have alarmed the consciences of the citizens and excited resistance. . . . Acts of rebellion, or of ill-will, . . . abuses of power, acts of inhumanity have been laid to the charge either of the clergy, or of the communal administrations, or of private individuals. The first part of our task will be to verify facts, to investigate whether they have been the outcome of legitimate resistance, or whether they constitute attempts at usurping the rights of the Chambers and of the Government. . . . But the law of 1879 has not only suppressed the authority and control of the clergy over public education, it has also reorganized that education. The nation ought to know the value of this change in the system of teaching. . . .

Under an appearance of impartiality, the end to be pursued was clearly seen, and was nothing else than the downfall of free education, and the disgrace of the clergy who were the principal authors of its success.

The beginnings of the inquiry accentuated still more its militant nature. In order to accumulate as many accusations as possible against those who were already pronounced guilty, a *previous inquiry* was secretly instituted to prepare the way. The informers in the service of M. Van Humbeeck were charged to draw up lists of suspected persons in each district, and to furnish the parliamentary inquisition with grounds on which to begin their work, by the information they afforded. The Government thus facilitated the task of the inquisitors, so that when they arrived on the field of operations, they would find papers drawn up and instructions given beforehand. They would know against what Catholics they had to discharge their batteries; they would know what questions to put in order to attack most efficaciously free education; they would know also what questions *not* to put, for fear of injuring the Liberal party and the official schools.

The ground being prepared, the inquiry could now begin,

and its first sitting was held at Gedinne, 15th of September, 1880. There was not the slightest question of opening a serious, loyal, searching inquiry into the condition of primary education, official and private. If this had been the principle adopted, the first questions to put both to the clergy, to the schoolmasters and to the burgomasters would have been these: "Were you satisfied with the scholastic situation under the law of 1842? Are you satisfied with the new state of things created by the law of 1879? What are the reasons of your opinions?" It is a characteristic fact that during the whole of the inquiry these rational and obvious questions were not once asked. Instead, all the efforts of the inquisitors were directed towards bringing the Liberal settlement of the educational situation into esteem. Not a single official schoolmaster, not a Liberal burgomaster, appeared before the Commission without repeating three or four times over the famous refrain "*There is no change.*" The president pushed the button and the refrain came forth with quite mechanical precision. In reality everything was changed, as the inquisitors knew better than any one, but, by causing the contrary to be stated during the inquiry, they were preparing a case on which to come down on the priests. For from the beginning, the inquiry was a *process instituted against the clergy* and nothing else.

The judges were three in number, aided by a secretary chosen outside the Commission. They arrived at the chief towns of the canton, where they were about to make their inquisition, provided with a plan of campaign carefully drawn up by the means we have described. Knowing how the accusation might be made and what complaisant witnesses could be summoned, the inquisitors began by citing the official education functionaries, *i.e.*, the natural opponents of free teaching. These witnesses regularly began by saying that before the *loi de malheur* they had three times as many pupils in their schools as they had at present.

The official schoolmaster then accounted for this fact. But the thought of attributing it to the very natural cause of the liberty of conscience of the Catholic parents never entered his head. If he had allowed himself to make this simple and straightforward reply, he would have run the risk of being given a black mark in the books of the inquisitors, who had come expressly for the purpose of proving, in face of all testimony to the contrary, that the official school was only empty because

of the odious influence of the priest. The master then posed as a victim ; and made himself interesting by attacking the Curé. And what a deluge of tales, each one more ludicrous than the other, what exaggerations and insinuations, what tittle-tattle were encouraged and welcomed by the inquisitors !

It was necessary to corroborate these stories, and there were witnesses all ready to do so. Their qualifications mattered little ; one only was necessary—a strong feeling of exasperation against the priest, a good dose of priest-hatred. The Voltairians of the public houses most reputed in the district for their anti-clericalism appeared, and through them was brought to light all the undercurrent of discontents, grudges, petty rivalries, that seethed in the background of the villages ; the whole was legally drawn up, after being carefully sorted, exaggerated, enlarged, and made the most of. So well was this operation performed, that afterwards the priests appeared to be so many terrible monsters, odious tyrants, without feeling, morality, or compassion.

The *accused* was now for the first time brought on the scene, knowing nothing of what had been hatched against him. He had not even heard the imputations made against him ; for the witnesses who were cited were carefully isolated, and the priest was summoned in the character of a "witness," but it was in reality in that of an "accused" that he appeared. Previous information had been given against him ; the story told by the informers, who had been taught their lesson, was simply one long accusation, designed to overwhelm him, and the questions put to him were confined to resuming, point by point, the act of accusation drawn up by the official spies. The priest was obliged to defend himself there and then, on oath, before a hostile president and judges, who endeavoured to embarrass, oppose, and cut him short, hardly allowing him to speak, and treating him as if he were already found guilty. The priest was questioned on his public acts and private conduct, on his teaching in the pulpit, in the catechism class and in the confessional. And all this get-up, all this apparatus was to result in proving, what was incontestable and uncontested, namely, that the neutral education was condemned by the Bishops and the Holy See ; that the clergy had carried out the episcopal injunctions, by opposing the State schools, and by establishing, with the aid of their parishioners, religious schools, which everywhere had flourished ; that they had

administered the sacraments according to the dictates of their consciences, and without consulting the civil power; in short, that they had acted in accordance with their rights, and had fulfilled their duty.

It is not enough to say that the priest was examined; in order to make him avow what all the world already knew, he was harassed and annoyed in every way; threats and insults were lavished on him in turn. And when, rising to the height of his dignity, strong in the testimony of his conscience and his right, the Curé referred to his oath and asked, "Am I here as a witness, or as an accused person?" the inquisitors hypocritically answered, "You are a witness," but gave themselves the lie at the same moment by continuing to ask him, "Have you done this? Have you said that?"

Once launched on this slope, they went farther; they made of the witness, not an accused—for a person accused has always the right to defend himself—but a victim. They confronted him with his accusers, and making themselves the judges between him and them, they declared him guilty. Even that did not suffice; they were not content with condemning the priest, he must be punished and stigmatized. He was treated as a liar, a rogue, a thief; he was even reproached with not preaching the Gospel and with leaving souls to perish; he was given over to the mockery and jeers of a vile populace, excited to the pitch of Masonic hate.

On the other hand, no inquiry was made as to the pressure put on the Charity Boards; nothing was heard either as to the abuses of the central administration, nor as to the disastrous financial condition of a large number of communes caused by the absurd and despotic requirements of the Ministerial bureaucracy. What do we say? Whenever witnesses volunteered to give evidence on these points, their depositions were scorned and not acted on; often even they were reduced to silence.

The Education Inquiry lasted four years, and cost the public treasury 750,000 francs. That was the most tangible result—but certainly the least appreciated—of that cynical and grotesque comedy. When this fresh waste of money was known, the whole nation sent up one general cry of reprobation. The indignation of the Catholics displayed itself in the Chamber, and in the press by eloquent protestations; the scandalous proceedings of the inquisitors, and the unexampled prodigality of the Ministry were denounced with a resentful force, which

already felt itself victorious. The inquiry was over, but the stigma which had been thrown on it recoiled on the Government and completed its discredit in the eyes of the nation.

The discontent with the Ministerial policy became universal. During its six years' power, the Liberal Government had exhausted the vital strength and exploited all the resources of the nation; it had trodden underfoot and compromised the national past. The country had had enough of its intolerance, its contempt of common law, its hatred of liberty, its servility in regard to Radicalism. It found fault with the excessive centralization of power, the violation of local autonomy, the unparalleled changes introduced into the administration. The nation blamed the interested perversions of representative government,¹ the unskilfulness and waste of its financial administration, the economic crisis which was its natural rebound; it found fault with the Government for having, during six years, sacrificed everything to party interests, for having reserved favours and offices for the Freemasons and their creatures, for having treated as enemies or suspected persons all those who differed from them, for having introduced servility and dissension in all posts, even in the magistracy and in the army. But above all, it reproached it with the religious and educational persecution, which had been its dominant object, and the principal end of its policy. The "*loi de malheur*" succumbed under the weight of the universal reprobation, and with it were condemned the vexations of all kinds which had accompanied its execution. The populace had had enough of educational strife, of educational waste, of educational inquiries; they were weary of the administrative pressure, of the systematic espionage, and of the violent hostility by means of which it was endeavoured to enslave consciences, and to ruin private teaching. They were irritated by that anti-Catholic and anti-national policy which put Liberalism everywhere, and left liberty nowhere. Many moderate Liberals, and others, dismayed or disgusted by the strife, and determined not to allow all those vital interests to be sacrificed which were compromised by their party, separated from the Government; the entire nation demanded calm, rest, economy, respect for private rights; the need of reaction and of reparation made itself felt on all sides.

¹ During the six years they were in power, the Liberal Government passed no fewer than six electoral laws, all conceived in the interest of their party.

Such were the conditions under which the electoral campaign of 1884 was opened.

The Liberals were divided ; they felt themselves condemned beforehand and morally vanquished. As if they wished to put a finishing touch towards enlightening people's minds, they threw all the power that was left them into a last excess of sectarian rage ; and their plan of campaign was to publish their anti-clerical hatred and their intestinal quarrels in the newspapers.

While the Liberals endeavoured to terrorize the country by this factitious agitation, the Catholics on their side were preparing for the election. The zeal shown in the organization of free education had been the remote preparation, and the most helpful, for the campaign of 1884. Catholic unity, both in word and action, continued to strengthen, and led to the final triumph. One of the party leaders, the former Minister Jacobs, formulated a programme of reforms which included these three principal points : *Educational Reform, Electoral Reform, and Reform in order to extend local autonomy*. This was the programme of the whole Catholic party. The newspapers vied with each other in commenting on it. Orators made it the theme of their speeches during the electoral campaign.

The Catholic troops thus advanced to the fight admirably organized, united, disciplined, and full of resolution. Each one did his duty. Electors came from Constantinople, from Cairo, and Alexandria to record their votes.

The day of the 10th June, 1884, surpassed all hopes. The Ministry was everywhere defeated ; two Ministers remained on the battlefield, and the Catholics came to the Chambers with a majority of thirty-four votes. "This is not a defeat," exclaimed the *Liberal Gazette*, "this is a crushing blow."

There was rejoicing from one end of the country to the other. One breathed at last. The victory of the 10th June was celebrated in the rural districts by popular rejoicings in the midst of indescribable enthusiasm. In the small towns of Flanders the *Te Deum* was sung in the public squares. The directors of education committees, members of Catholic clubs, schoolmasters who had sent in their resignations, surrounded by all the children of their schools, were applauded and thanked for the energy with which they had resisted. It was indeed the "universal relief."

PIERRE VERHAEGEN.

The Decline of Darwinism.

THE following very remarkable extract is taken from an article by Mr. J. B. Crozier, which appeared in *The Fortnightly Review* of January, 1904.¹

The same thing happened in a greater or less degree to the specialists themselves. Huxley, the farther he went, the farther he departed from his early belief in Natural Selection as the prime factor in the evolution of species, and the more he became inclined to relegate it to a secondary place; although with his usual honesty and sterling intellectual integrity, not knowing what the really efficient cause of the varieties was, he wisely gave no opinion. Romanes, and other observers, on the other hand, the more they came to grapple at close quarters with the facts in their special lines of work, the more they became dissatisfied with the doctrine, until at last they fell away altogether, attributing the facts of variation mainly to "prepotency" and other *internal* physiological factors, as the agencies which kept the great organic lines of species true to their type by snuffing out through ultimate sterility and decadence all variations that fell outside the limits of permissible oscillation. But beyond marking out some of the characteristics of these hidden internal causes, they could give no further explanation of them than *that so it stood in the will of Providence or Fate*. And now with the gaps in the geologic record on which Darwin himself relied for the full demonstration of his theory, largely filled in, the most eminent palæontologists and geologists, working on the best accumulation of new facts that have come to light since his time, and tired of the ineffective effort to plaster a single formula on the infinite variety of Nature and Life, have degraded the theory of Natural Selection to a secondary and subordinate position, retaining it rather as a cause of the *elimination* of the old and unfit, than as a *creative* cause of the new. Fully developed insects have been found as far back almost as the existence of dry land itself, scorpions of as high a type as those of to-day, and all the present divisions of fishes, as far back as the Upper Silurian; gastropods in strata where molluscan life was only just beginning; whales in the Miocene, and so on; and, in fact, all attempts to explain the origin of fish, amphibians, reptiles, birds, marsupials, and the higher mammalia by the theory of

¹ P. 110.

Natural Selection alone, and without the co-operation of some unseen initiative *internal* agency, are now generally admitted to have been failures.

The italics are the present writer's, but as it stands this extract probably gives us what is now the general opinion of the best informed and most unprejudiced thinkers of the position in the world of thought of extreme or materialistic Darwinism. But unfortunately such reasonable and liberal views have by no means reached the man in the street; and that generally rather hurried personage is quite convinced that Mr. Darwin owes the dignified resting-place of his remains not merely to having given the world a plausible hypothesis, and supported it by a vast array of interesting facts most amiably presented, but to having absolutely proved the truth of that hypothesis up to the hilt, and thus left the old argument from Design as dead as the old astronomy that made Joshua stop the sun. This is the belief that we meet in the whole mass of modern popular literature, and sometimes it seems to be even acquiesced in by apparently Christian story-tellers. But the writer of these pages has the very strongest conviction that such materialism is absolutely destructive of all sound Theism,¹ and that it is indeed the intellectual Antichrist of our times which, in spite of all attempts to destroy it by making us ignore it, really lurks in almost every human soul ready to help every strong temptation. When men are making up their minds to take a course of which their conscience strongly disapproves, it is very pleasant to believe that all really learned people have come to the conclusion that there is no eternity and no Supreme Judge.

In a short pamphlet printed some years ago, and more recently in the *New York Catholic World*, of December, 1901, the writer of this paper tried to draw attention to five arguments against the very foundations of the materialistic theory for the formation of the body of man, which seem to him to appeal to everybody's common sense and to be perfectly unanswerable. As a matter of fact, he has never seen them answered, and therefore he will venture to repeat them here.

"First and foremost," as we Paddies say, nobody can

¹ In his opinion, the great argument for Natural Religion is that the same Creator who made the eye of man so well to see, and his hand to grasp, could not have made his conscience badly. Yet conscience often hands a man over to misery in this world. Therefore there must be another to make amends.

suppose that a new limb or a new joint, unguided by a Designing Power, began to be exhibited (even with the Ascidians), all completed, or in working order, at once; yet the beginning of every such limb or joint (and probably of many parts of many organs) arising from relative chance, could have been but a deformity, and therefore, a disadvantage in the struggle for life. How then, were they—from the knee to a lens in the eye—ever to have been completed? It would seem to be only by persistently refusing to let imagination play upon this, the most important part of the building up of the whole system of materialist Darwinism, that this argument has not been met, but ignored.

Then, again, there is the plain fact that for one useful change introduced by relative chance alone, there should have been, in common fairness, thousands that were not useful, and where are the traces in the strata of this quasi-infinite crookedness? It must have been (according to the old Darwinian ideas) during their formation—the formation of the strata—that a mammal was built up from a cell; for organic life could scarcely have been flung down from the fixed stars. Now, perhaps, even without looking into embryos, nobody can glance at the stuffed animals in the British Museum without being inclined to fancy that they are all, as it were, shaded into each other. The question is, whether this shading is the work of chance, or of a Sovereign Artist; and surely the fact that there are no fair amount of the failures necessary to relative chance, to be found in the crust of the earth, should have much to do with settling it. The struggle must have been over every limb and every joint, and between the different arrangements of the limbs and the joints, and where are the traces of all the crooked things that could not have been sufficiently deforming to have destroyed life at once? If we had very many of these crooked things now, men might say that they were a proof that no design guided formation. But it may seem to some of us that we have one; and should it not be a fair sum in proportion that would state that as the ugly and—as far as the present writer knows—useless callosities on the legs of the horse and ass (single) are to the mean between the ages since the separation of the horse-tribes and the removal by natural and sexual selections of the smallest similar blemish, so should be the quasi-infinite crookedness and ugliness necessary to build up a vertebrate animal by chance from a cell, to—the answer.

Thirdly comes the great argument from the beauty of the organic world. No attempt would seem to have been made by evolutionists to account for the beauty, as distinguished from the mere conspicuousness, of shells and fruits, and the thrush's egg. A graver difficulty is how the apes and the lower savages could have invented our noble human frame. Gravest of all is the impossibility of our conceiving how the genius of insects, with the mechanical means at their command, could make at once the never-varying beauty of the wings of the ornate butterfly, and the as invariably changeful gracefulness of many of our common leaves. The laurestine-leaf, for instance, is always built up in conspicuously different compartments on either side, yet always keeps more or less to its own graceful shape. How could the insects or the plants have managed it?

Then fourthly, we have the mule argument; but its force is admitted by evolutionists themselves, and need not, therefore, be dwelt on here. Accompanied as it is by the fact that there is no abiogenesis, it certainly seems to afford strong proof that the Creator wished to keep species separate, so that rational man might have no excuse for thinking that he was descended from beasts who have no consciences.¹

All the more, as I am anxious to hurry to the fifth—that to be drawn from a fair observation of the workings of instinct in animals—which is perhaps the strongest argument of all. These phenomena—I mean the apparent operations of instinct in animals—must, under materialistic hypotheses, be put down to "heredity"—for they are plainly not taught their arts as our human children are—unhelped by any designing power; and, therefore, all the wisdom (and all the volitions necessary to meet ever-varying circumstances) necessary to enable a working-bee to avail itself of the chemical forces of the simples which it blends into a jelly in order to turn an ordinary egg into a queen even when *through some unusual accident*, such an abnormal event becomes necessary, must be contained in the arrangements of the atoms of every egg in every hive. That seems wonderful enough, but what is even more wonderful is how the wisdom got there. It is no sufficient answer to these difficulties to point to the fact that, if we grant that hereditary instincts influence human motives, it is as wonderful as if they

¹ There is also a very strong argument to be drawn from the wonderfully complicated preparations made for future events by some insects who could not have been taught.

created human volitions ; for it is manifest that, being hereditary, they must depend entirely upon forces contained in or transmitted by the reproductive cells ; and so again with the recuperative powers of tissues, and, indeed, the extraordinary developments of organic life from seeds generally. Christian philosophy must maintain that the natural dispositions are but the stamp of individuality given to each human soul. It would be but a poor artist that would let his statues leave his hands having all precisely the same formation ; and we are forced to conceive that the operations follow regular rules of which we can learn the nature only from their results. At all events, the fact of many things being wonderful is no adequate explanation of another thing being more wonderful still ; though such an attempted explanation must be familiar to readers of Mr. Darwin. Besides, it is plainly one thing to say that such arrangements were made by a Designing Power, and another to say that they were made by what may be called relative chance. Almost equally astonishing to think of are the combinations of mechanical wisdom that must be in the egg of the spider,¹ and even if we could fancy an elderly working-bee lecturing on chemistry, the wisdom of the moth in choosing the best possible spot for her eggs is almost as wonderful, and she is only in the first hours of her existence as a moth, and has clearly heard no lecturer whatever.

It is plain, too, that as a means of meeting the facts of these phenomena, the simpler form of Natural Selection is quite as strong as the more plausible teachings of Mr. Spencer, since it is evident that there can be no gain here from the transmission of acquired peculiarities, as the bee which sucked the very next flower to that which contained the proper chemical forces could do its hive no good whatever. But here I will let

¹ In the *Contemporary Review* of September, 1895, Dr. Weismann writes : " In the first place, some animals—numerous insects, for instance—possess instincts which are used only once in a lifetime. As examples, there are the many kinds of web-making, such as that seen in the Bombacidae, which is executed in so wonderfully adaptive and complicated a manner, and which each individual has always, as at the present day, carried out but once in a lifetime. These instances prove that instincts of the finest and most complicated kind may arise simply by the process of natural selection." But it is manifest that the Professor requires quasi-infinite time for his hypothesis, and that Science and Lord Kelvin will not give him. And indeed it would seem to be plain that his perfectly honest hypothesis (as far as the writer can understand it) can scarcely meet the fact of the bee's jelly. In *The Last Link*, page 76, Haeckel says of it that he is of opinion that " it would be better to accept a mysterious creation of all the species as described in the Mosaic account."

the two very able disputants speak, more or less, for themselves, upon their whole system.

In the *Contemporary Review* of March, 1893, Mr. Spencer has shown with admirable clearness that "co-operative parts" do not necessarily vary together, and that, to adapt a prairie-dog to the leaping suited to a mountain country, both forelimbs and hind-limbs must be "co-adapted" together; and that, since the probabilities are "millions to one" against the first alone being produced by what he seems very properly to call (in the December number of the same *Review*) "fortuitous concourse of atoms," there must be "billions to one" against both being simultaneously achieved by the same cause alone, and that the "old hypothesis of special creations is more consistent and comprehensible."

At page 446, indeed, he distinctly lays it down that *either there has been inheritance of acquired peculiarities, or there has been no evolution.*

On the other hand, Professor Weismann shows us distinctly that wonderful as the changes of the Irish elk or the assumed prairie-dog have been, or would be, the changes of the sterile soldier-workers of some ants are just as wonderful, and, on the face of things, cannot be explained by the transmission of variations acquired by the parents, as those parents retain the ordinary structure of the race; and he, too, lays it down on his side¹ that his principle (which Mr. Spencer calls "the fortuitous concourse of atoms") *can alone explain the adaptations of organisms without assuming the help of a principle of design.*

To this Mr. Spencer replies that the ancestors of the Amazon ants had the big heads of their soldier-workers; but, of course, he can scarcely prove this. And, indeed, it seems to be hard to find much difference between the difficulty of the shapes of the queens growing the soldiers, and that of the shapes of the soldiers growing the queens; and when we remember that all the changes which he so eloquently describes as necessary to enable the Irish elk to carry its big head, must have been just reversed in the body of the parent ant to turn its soldier-worker into a common worker or its common worker into a soldier-worker, while still continuing to perpetuate the other normal forms necessary to its community, while itself acquiring a shape different from either, it may well seem that "fortuitous concourse of atoms" is just as likely to have brought these

¹ *Contemporary Review*, September, 1895.

things about as any other force that we can conceive—*except design*.

On the whole, the controversy between these two very able men must be satisfactory to all who desire to show that, *of the forces known to us*, the design of an artist and of an artist of quasi-infinite power, can alone explain to human reason the phenomena of its environment.

When we think, too, of these inconceivable wonders of the instincts of the bee and the spider being apparently contained in their eggs, and of the generally admitted mystery of our having been created in time, after an eternity during which we had not been created, we may perhaps reasonably conclude that the "Universal Materialism" of such men as Haeckel and his school will never really—as we are sometimes told it will—replace the "idealism and spiritualism" of a far sounder philosophy.

As far, then, as the necessary effects of time and the real nature of animals are concerned, it seems to the writer, that we should be all, not only Christian Rationalists,¹ but Christian Agnostics. The polype upsets all our notions of personal consciousness by being bisected and thriving as two polypes. As we have seen, there clearly can be nothing like our human intellect behind the most brilliant phenomena of animal intellect. How, then, can we be sure that there is anything like human pain behind their phenomena of pain?

But here it is necessary for the sake of fairness to give some attention to the latest issues of the Atheist press (Haeckel's *The Riddle of the Universe* and M'Cabe's *Haeckel's Critics Answered*) which seem to make the absolute denial of the possibility of mysteries their fundamental principle, and to maintain that creations or, in other words, evolutions and devolutions have been going on for ever, and which seem, at least to the present writer, to throw back their Darwinism into the dim distances of eternity, and to suggest that our organic forms owe their existence to the unconscious memories of other existences retained by atoms. But this, while plainly admitting the weakness of Darwinism as it was originally put forward, would seem to be itself quite as weak.

Strengthened by a little honest reading of J. S. Mill, upon the probable natural foundations of our human sense

¹ "Etsi fides sit supra rationem, nulla tamen unquam inter fidem et rationem vera dissensio esse potest." (*Council of the Vatican.*)

of external certainty, it may seem to us that even reasonable infidels should vastly prefer believing in mysteries, to believing in Professor Haeckel's views of the minds of molecules. Why, the noblest human brain that was ever formed has never devised and carried out anything half as wonderful as its own marvellous adaptations, which Professor Haeckel would put down to the admittedly elementary and unconscious memories (and indeed intelligences) of atoms!

In a recent work¹ Father Gerard writes with admirable clearness :

On Darwinian principles each step in any development can be made, not because it leads to an advantageous result in the future, but only because it is itself advantageous. At each stage favoured individuals survive others because they are favoured here and now, not because when the development they promote shall be completed, their remote descendants will be favoured.

Applying then this principle in the first place to the joints and eyes of the human body, it must seem to many of us as plain as any truth can be (after the impossibility of the truth of direct contradictories), that the principles of Darwinism as put forward by Professor Haeckel and Mr. Spencer do not make even a plausible attempt to account for the creation of our human frames.

As to the perfectly honest hypothesis of Professor Weismann, it is hard to see how it would try to meet the facts of the bees' queen-making jelly ; and probably most readers of this Review will so far for once agree with Professor Haeckel when he writes of it :

If one denies with Weismann the heredity of acquired characters, then it becomes necessary to have recourse to the purely mystical qualities of germ-plasm. I am of the opinion of Spencer that in that case it would be better to accept a mysterious creation of all the various species as described in the Mosaic account.

WALTER SWEETMAN.

¹ *The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer*, p. 170.

Japan and Christianity.

IV.—THE MYSTERY OF THE FIVE LAST JESUITS IN JAPAN.

IN Father de Guilhermy's *Menology of the Society of Jesus for the Portuguese Assistancy*,¹ under date of August 28th, may be read the following entry regarding the last band of missionaries who sailed for Japan in defiance of the persecuting edicts of the Shōgun. The record has not, strictly speaking, any official character. It is merely an expression of the writer's private opinion. But appearing, as it does, in a large and imposing work, more than two centuries after the events it describes, it might be held to possess a certain finality, and it is undoubtedly in accordance with generally received tradition. As will be seen, there is no word of doubt or hesitation about Father de Guilhermy's expression of his views.

Amongst the last apostles and last martyrs of Japan [he writes] there are several others whose struggles and particular form of torment are known only to the Society in Heaven. We cannot, however, pass over in silence the few names of those valiant champions of the faith which have been rescued from oblivion. Such were the Japanese Fathers Mancio Conixi and Martin Iliquimi, Brother Andrew, also a Japanese, and the four European Fathers—Peter Marquez, Alfonso Arroyo, Joseph Chiara, and Francis Cassola. Our knowledge of the fate of the last five rests upon the unimpeachable testimony of a whole ship's crew of Dutchmen, themselves prisoners at the time, and the account given by them has preserved for us a new and atrocious refinement of Japanese savagery. For they beheld the martyrs' limbs slowly sawn off one by one, three of them dying under the hands of the executioner, while the other two, when in the very act of breathing their last, were carried, bleeding and mutilated, back to prison.²

¹ A *Menology* (Monthly Record) is a work of the same character as a *Martyrology*, containing short lives of those who died in the odour of sanctity, arranged according to months and days. The series of *Menologies* begun by Father de Guilhermy in 1867 is still incomplete.

² De Guilhermy, *Ménologe de l'Assistance de Portugal*, vol. ii. p. 183.

At about the same date that Father de Guilhermy was compiling his *Menology*, M. Léon Pagés, a student in the French diplomatic service, who had resided in Japan and had edited a dictionary and grammar of the Japanese language, brought out his important historical work, *Histoire de la Religion Chrétienne au Japon depuis 1598 jusqu' à 1651*. M. Pagés had had access to the archives of the Propaganda and other original sources, and his known diligence in accumulating materials lends considerable authority to his researches. In the brief notice which he devotes to the events of the year 1643, M. Pagés gives substantially the same account of Father Peter Marquez and his four companions as that which we have just read.¹ They were captured, he tells us, almost immediately on landing in the north of Japan; thence they were brought to Yedo, the modern Tōkyō, and finally were sawn to pieces in the presence of several of the crew of the Dutch ship *Breskens*.

It would be interesting to know the immediate authority for these statements. The reader would almost necessarily infer that the narrative left by the crew of the Dutch vessel contained a description of the martyrdom. Such, however, is not the case. The account of the Dutch commander, Schaep, has been printed in Montanus, but though he certainly refers at some length to the four imprisoned (European) Jesuits, and, as we shall see, gives the impression that he and his sailors actually saw them tortured, there is no mention in his narrative either of the sawing off of their limbs or of the death of any one of their number. Father de Guilhermy on his side contents himself with giving a reference to the earlier Jesuit historian, Charlevoix. But when we look up Charlevoix we find that he only refers to the narrative of Schaep as fixing approximately the *date* of the martyrdom.² Like the writers already noticed, Charlevoix describes the five martyrs as having been sawn to pieces at Yedo, but he does

¹ "Il ne tardèrent pas à être saisis. Les gens du *Breskens* assistèrent à leur interrogatoire et à leur supplice. Ces martyrs eurent les membres sciés. Trois d'entre eux expirèrent sur-le-champ. Les autres furent reportés à la prison pour y succomber peu de temps après." (Pagés, *Histoire*, vol. i. p. 878.)

² "Tout ce qu'on a su de plus certain de leur expédition [he refers to the Fathers Peter Marquez, Cassola, Chiara, Arroyo, and Brother Andrew the Japanese] c'est qu'ayant débarqué aux Isles Lequios (Loo Choo Islands), qui dependoient dès lors du Roi de Saxuma, ils y furent saisis et menés à Jedo par ordre de l'Empereur, qui leur fit scier les membres; que trois moururent sur le champ, et que les deux autres furent reportés en prison, où il y a bien de l'apparence qu'ils ne vécurent pas longtemps. Nous n'avons, pour fixer le temps de leur martyre, que ce qui en est rapporté dans un journal des Hollandais," &c. (Charlevoix, *Histoire du Japon*, vol. ii. p. 430. Edition, 1736.)

not tell us his authority for this statement, nor can I discover any likely source in the valuable bibliography appended to his work. Two things, however, are clearly established in regard to this, the last band of missionaries despatched by the Society of Jesus to Japan; first, that they were five in number and that their names are accurately given by the authors already quoted. Secondly, that arriving in Japan in the latter part of the year 1643, they were almost immediately captured and were seen heavily ironed and in a very pitiful state by the Dutch crew of the *Breskens*, who, with Schaep their captain, had also been brought to Yedo in the same year.

And now, before going further, we must turn to a certain Japanese account of the final stages of the persecution of the Christians, which account was discovered and carefully translated some few years ago by Sir Ernest Satow. Unfortunately the learned editor does not provide quite so much information as we should like concerning the *provenance* and character of the document from which he quotes.¹ But we must be grateful for small mercies, and my readers will probably prefer that I should set before them in the first place the text of the translation, just as it stands in the *Transactions* of the Asiatic Society of Japan. The earlier portion of the extract, however, as the reader will perceive from the date, can have no reference to the band of five Jesuits of whom we have been speaking.

Twenty-one years ago in the year of the tiger (1638) four (prisoners) were reported from Sendai, the territory of Matsudaira Mutsu no Kami, in Oshiu; these were the Japanese "Bateren" (*i.e.*, Padre, Fathers) Fuhaa Heitoro, Maruchiino Ichisaemon, the Namban Bateren (South European Padre) Furanshisuko Majoemon, and Shiyuan Hauchisuda. After the defeat of the Shimabara insurrection in the reign of Taiyu-In, the Bateren Jiuán, Maruchiino Ichizaemon, and Kibe Betaro were brought under arrest from Sendai, and four times brought before the Hiôjôjô, but their examination was not concluded. Later Sanuki no Kami went to his second mansion (Shimoyashiki), and the three Bateren were summoned before him. Takuan, Yagiu Tajima no Kami and others assembled, and they put questions concerning the doctrines of the sect. After two or three days Nakane Iki no Kami appeared as High Messenger (from the Shôgun) and instructed Chikujô no Kami

¹ The memoir to which I refer does not appear as a separate article. It is printed only in the report of the proceedings of a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Japan, serving as Appendix to and commentary upon another paper by Mr. Gubbins. I have carefully copied Sir Ernest Satow's text, but I cannot help suspecting that it contains several misprints, due probably to the impossibility of proper revision.

that he was not to produce the above three men at the Hiôjô-sho, but to examine them by himself.

The above three Bateren were examined during ten days at Chikugo no Kami's on the laws of Kirishitan, and after ten days Chikugo no Kami sent his retainers to the three Bateren in prison, and ordered them to be tortured. They caused Jiuan of the Compania and Maruchiyo Ichizaemon to apostatize (*korobase*) and to repeat the invocation to Buddha.¹ They were summoned to Chikugo no Kami's residence, and allowed to remain there a year or two, after which time both fell sick and died. Kibe Beitaro did not apostatize and was put to death by suspension. The reason of this was that at that time there was want of (skill in inducing apostasy). Two catechists were suspended in the same pit with Kibe, and therefore persuaded (? the officials) to kill Kibe. After his death both apostatized. They were removed from the pit, and placed in prison, where they lived for many years. Subsequently Furanshisuko Magoemon and Berunarutou Ichizaemon, two Namban² Bateren, were arrested by the authorities. Both of them were *Furate*.³ They were frequently examined at the residence of Chikugo no Kami, but as the procedure was still unskilful they could not be brought to apostatize, and were condemned to be burnt to death in Shiba.

In the year of the horse (1643) [were arrested] in Chikuzen, Heitoro, Furanshisu, Aronso, Chiyoseifu, all of them Namban Bateren, and one Iruan (=Irmão, *i.e.*, Brother). This man was a native of Mogi, near Nagasaki, who had gone abroad, and became an Iruan. Besides five catechists. These were arrested by a Chinaman in the time of Chikugo no Kami, and delivered up. Being sent to Nagasaki they were cast into prison, and in the following year all ten were summoned from Nagasaki to Yedo, where they were handed over to Chikugo no Kami, who subjected them to a searching examination. After being put to the torture, all four twice apostatized, repeated the invocation to Buddha, and signed a declaration that there was no deception in their apostasy. The Iruan and catechists apostatized before the Bateren, one or two at a time, and joined Japanese sects. A prison was constructed inside Chikugo no Kami's mansion, in which the four Bateren were confined. They were frequently summoned before him and examined repeatedly as to the designs harboured in Namban and Luçon, whence the Bateren were sent to Japan, and as to the Kirishitan law. Makino Sado no Kami, Kuze Yamato no Kami and others used to visit Inouye Chikugo no Kami, and put questions to which the replies were given. Subsequently Aronso recanted, in consequence of which he was placed in the "woman's godown," where he fell sick and died, after

¹ Sir Ernest Satow conjectures that the two Fathers referred to are the Jesuits, Peter Cassui and Martin Schichimi.

² Namban was a general name given by the Japanese to Portuguese and Spaniards, or more widely to the Latin races of South Europe.

³ This, as Sir Ernest Satow conjectures, probably means Frate, *i.e.*, Friars.

having continued to live during twenty days. In order to die by a suicide called *Zejiun*, it is said to be the rule to eat very little, so that the body becomes weaker and death ensues. He did so, and thus came to his end. Furanshisu having been imprisoned with a woman, became "friendly" with her, and confessed. They were exhibited to the inmates of the prison, and the latter were commanded to witness this rare event, the marriage of a Bateren. After the couple had been made to exchange the matrimonial cup, they were removed to Chikugo no Kami's residence, where they passed the rest of their lives. Peitoro, Chiyo세ifu, the Iruan, with catechists and members of the sect to the number of twenty, were placed in the charge of Chikugo no Kami, alterations being made for that purpose at the mansion in Kobinata. Chiyo세ifu took the name of Sanyemon, and a wife was given to him. He is still alive. Peitoro fell ill and died on the first day of the third moon of the third year of Meireki (1657). They signed a declaration acknowledging that the Namban Bateren had recanted and used the invocation to Buddha, and gave it in to the authorities.

It is said that during the century or so which elapsed from the arrival of the Bateren Maruseiro (*sic*) at Yamaguchi in Suwô, whence he passed into Bungo, and persuaded the Ôtomo who dwelt there to become Christians, one hundred and five Bateren came to Japan. It is stated, too, that not only the Namban Bateren but the Japanese Bateren, after being examined as to the merits of their sect, were all tortured into repeating the invocation to Buddha, made to seal a declaration and obliged to apostatize. Chikugo no Kami was the first to accomplish this. Seven men's allowance of rice was granted to the catechists, ten men's allowance to the Bateren, and a thousand mommé in silver. They were all kept inside a stone wall, and frequently subjected to interrogation, and it was ordered that if they did not say that Namban (*i.e.*, Spain and Portugal) had designs upon Japan, they were to be tortured.¹

As we have so much matter which more immediately concerns us, I do not propose to discuss the names and allegations contained in the first portion of this long extract. Suffice it to say that the identifications proposed by Sir Ernest Satow cannot lay claim to any sort of certainty, and indeed involve many difficulties. On the other hand, there can be no reasonable doubt that the five Jesuits said to have been arrested in Chikuzen are none other than those constituting the forlorn hope whom Charlevoix, Pagés, and the rest believed to have been sawn in pieces. A glance at the names would alone suffice to make the matter clear. The Japanese only took account of the familiar designations by which no doubt the

¹ *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan*, vol. vi. pp. 56, 57.

Fathers were commonly known among themselves. The Spanish form Pedro (*i.e.*, Peter Marquez), with its strongly trilled *r*, sounded to Japanese ears as the equivalent of "Peitōro" or "Heitāro," much as the word *Padre* was transformed by them into the three-syllabled word "*Bateren*." Francisco (Cassola) appears as "Furanshisu." Alphonso or Alonso (Arroyo) is written Aronso, with the familiar substitution of *r* for *l*, just as Luçon in many Japanese documents is spelt Ruson. Finally Joseph (Chiara) becomes Chiyoseifu; an indication that the Latin or Italian form of this Christian name was used in preference to the Portuguese José. In the case of the fifth Jesuit of the party, the Japanese Brother Andrew Vieyra,¹ no name is mentioned; he is simply designated as the "Iruman" (Portuguese *Irmão*, Brother). With these there were also five native catechists, about whom, beyond the fact of their early apostasy, this document gives no further information. To return to the four European Jesuits, we are told in sum that all of them, under stress of torture, renounced Christianity, but that Father Alonso Arroyo recanted this submission and died shortly afterwards. Father Pedro Marquez died in 1657. Fathers Francis Cassola and Joseph Chiara were married to Japanese women, and the last-named was still living when the account translated above was drawn up, *i.e.*, in 1659. The efficient cause of all these alleged apostasies was a certain renegade Christian named Inouye, whose treacherous delations had caused him to be appointed Chief Inquisitor and also Kami of Chikugo (Chikugo no Kami). A sort of prison had been erected within his own estate, and here the Christian missionaries were confined, and on occasion tortured. Upon other details in the statement I shall have occasion to comment later.

Now what, it may be asked, is to be thought of this sad record which after more than two hundred years has been brought to light to distress us with fresh revelations of the possibilities of human infirmity? That the statement is no mere malicious fabrication must, I think, be admitted without reserve. There is abundant evidence of the existence of a sort of prison at Yedo, popularly known as the Kirishitan Yashiki (Christian mansion), in which relapsed Christians were kept in a confinement which was not too strict but was very closely watched. Here Giuseppe Chiara died in 1685, at the age of

¹ He is described as a Brother by Bartoli and Charlevoix, but Pagés, for some reason best known to himself, calls him a priest.

eighty-four. His tomb, surmounted by a carved stone of curious shape, which seems intended to represent the form of hat used out of doors by the foreign "Bateren," is still shown to visitors in the suburbs of Tōkyō. It is as certain as any such fact can well be, that Joseph Chiara at least did not die a martyr in 1643. On the other hand there seems the gravest reason for doubting whether the above account, translated by Sir Ernest Satow from a book known as the *Kirisuto ki*, can be received with entire confidence. We must regret, as already remarked, that that impartial writer was prevented by exigencies of space or some other reason, from giving a fuller account of the nature of the document. Internal evidence in the extract quoted shows that it was drawn up in 1657, and it also appears to be semi-official in character. But students of Catholic history under the penal laws in this country have reason to know too well that the statements circulated by unscrupulous Ministers, men like Walsingham or Cecil for example, are often absolutely untrustworthy even as regards positive statements of fact. When it is important that a Government project should not seem to have failed, every effort is used to give the desired impression of success, and secret concessions have not unfrequently been made in order to secure an appearance of compromise, which may be turned to treacherous account with the public at large. I do not venture to affirm that this was the case in the present instance, but it is certain that other accounts were in circulation which are by no means in accord with that of the *Kirisuto ki*. In an extremely interesting article by Dr. Lönholm in the *Mittheilungen* of the German Japanese Society, will be found a sketch of the history of the Kirishitan Yashiki where Father Joseph Chiara and other Bateren were confined. It seems that a special Japanese treatise by one Nakayama Kō, deals with the subject of this Christian prison—Dr. Lönholm unfortunately tells us little of the date or character of the work—and among other contents a remarkable account is given of the first Catholic imprisoned there, who is stated to have been the Bateren, whose acquaintance we have already made, Father Giuseppe Chiara. It is hard to tell how much in Dr. Lönholm's article is paraphrase and how much translation, but the simplest course will be to reproduce in English just what he has written in his native German. The reader will thereby be enabled to form his impressions for himself. So far as I can perceive, Dr. Lönholm cannot have been acquainted

either with Sir Ernest Satow's article or with the Japanese document which this last scholar has translated. It is inconceivable that if he had any knowledge of it, the German writer could have failed to make some definite allusion to an account which in so many respects conflicts with his own. Be this as it may, here is the passage in Dr. Lönholm's article, so far as it relates to our present inquiry :

The first foreigner who was confined in Kirishitan Yashiki was Giuseppe Kouro (Chiara), a Catholic priest from Sicily. This man landed in the twentieth year of Kwammei, *i.e.*, 1643, at Hanareshima in the district of the Daimyō Kuroda Uemonsuke. With him came the "iruman" Giovanni, from Canton, and Nikwan, or as he was called by his Christian name, Thomas, from Cochin China, also the Japanese physician, Nambo, from Motekimura near Nagasaki, who some years previously had quitted his home and settled in Roson (Luçon). Moreover there were several exiled Japanese from Amakawa (Macao) and Roson who were meant to serve as guides and interpreters. To the Daimyō of the district in which they landed, Giuseppe stated without disguise that he had come to Japan in order to preach Christianity to the people, whereupon the Daimyō caused him along with all his followers to be taken into custody and to be conveyed to Nagasaki. The Bugyō (magistrates) of this city in a great state of excitement took counsel about the arrival of so many Christians, and sent off messengers to ride post haste to Yedo to give information about these strangers and to ask for instructions. The Shōgun's government considered the matter of sufficient importance to despatch the chief inquisitor (Kirishitans-hūmonbugyō) Inouye Masashige himself to Nagasaki to conduct the inquiry. He adopted very stern measures against the dangerous intruders. The exiled Japanese who had brought the foreign priest to Japan expiated their crime by being burnt to death. As for the priest himself with his two foreign companions and the Japanese physician, Inouye had them bound and conveyed to Yedo. There they were first of all confined in the Temmachō prison and afterwards in Kirishitan Yashiki. Here Giuseppe lived for fully thirty-eight years. He seems to have soon reconciled himself to his surroundings. By degrees he managed to win the confidence of the Japanese. They treated him in consequence very mildly, and allowed him yearly for his support a *kwamme* of silver¹ and ten daily rations of rice. Later on, as he continued to live peaceably and contentedly and made no attempt to proselytize, his jailors began to regard him almost as a fellow-countryman. He was induced to adopt the Japanese name of Okamoto San-emon and eventually they gave him a wife as well, an outrage upon his priestly character to which the Father submitted with a

¹ A *kwamme* (= 1000 momme) is over 8 lbs. avoirdupois. This would have been a very respectable sum at that period.

good grace and without making too energetic an opposition. A certain Okamoto San-emon, a lower-grade Samurai of the Shōgun, had been put to death for a murder which he had committed. The Shōgun allowed the Catholic priest to take San-emon's name and sword, and as shortly after this another man at Misaki, in Soshū, had been executed for some crime, the priest was further permitted to marry his widow. Compliant as Giuseppe had shown himself in these matters, he nevertheless made determined resistance when in the third year of the Period *Empō*—1675—the Bugyō demanded that he should formally renounce Christianity and turn Buddhist.¹ It would appear, however, that this intractableness was not very deeply resented. Any way he lived on peacefully in Kirishitan Yashiki in a house specially constructed for him there, and in the same place he ended his days at the advanced age of eighty-four.²

Dr. Lönholm goes on to describe how the Inquisitor Hayashi gave him a public funeral. The body was burnt, and the ashes buried within the precincts of a Buddhist temple, while according to Japanese custom a posthumous name was bestowed upon the dead, viz., Nyūsen Chōshin-Shinsi. His widow, who received a liberal allowance, lived on until she was seventy-four, and was then buried in the temple precincts beside the remains of her foreign husband. The three Christian companions who had been brought to Yedo with Father Giuseppe, were also lodged in Kirishitan Yashiki, and were not harshly treated as long as they abstained from trying to make converts. But the Cantonese Brother, Giovanni, seems to have aroused suspicion in this matter, and he was accordingly fettered and kept in more rigorous confinement.

It can hardly be necessary to point out to the attentive reader the many details in which this latter account seems inconsistent with that translated by Sir Ernest Satow from the *Kirisuto ki*. The most important point, of course, is the refusal of Giuseppe in 1675, when he must have been seventy-four years old, to commit himself to any act of formal apostasy. Neither is it by any means so clear to me that his marriage, which seems to have taken place only a short time before this, amounted equivalently to a repudiation of his priesthood. Nothing is said in the account which would suggest that any

¹ Other accounts state that Giuseppe publicly apostatized from the faith which he had practically renounced by his marriage, and became a Buddhist. (Footnote of Dr. Lönholm.)

² *Mittheilungen der Deutschen Gesellschaft für Natur- und Völkerkunde Ostasiens*; Tōkyō, 1893, vol. vi. pp. 152—155.

children were born to him. He may quite conceivably have obtained the woman's consent that the marriage should remain a mere form. Not less remarkable is the absolute silence of this account, so far as one can judge from Dr. Lönholm's article, respecting the other European Fathers who came to Japan with Giuseppe Chiara, and are supposed to have apostatized with him. But the most extraordinary complication is caused by some other statements apparently contained in the *Kirisuto ki*, and incorporated in Sir Ernest Satow's article, but not given by him in the form of a direct translation. It will be simplest, even at the risk of some little repetition, to quote his exact words.

It remains to trace the history of the three Jesuits, who, according to the *Kirisuto ki* did not recant their denial of Christianity. Francisco Cassola married a Japanese wife, and lived many years in Chikugo no Kami's mansion,¹ but the date of his death is not mentioned therein. Father Pedro Marquez died in 1657. Giuseppe Chiara received the name and swords of Okamoto Sanyemon, a criminal who had suffered capital punishment. He was married to a Japanese woman of Misaki in Idzu, who is said to have been previously the wife of a criminal condemned to death. A man servant and a maid were also placed at his disposal. He resided for some forty years in the Yama Yashiki, and dying in 1685, at the age of eighty-four, was buried at the temple of Muriô-In, in the suburb of Koishikawa behind Dendzû-In. Brother Andrea Vieyra, who was arrested together with the four Jesuit Fathers, took the name of Nampo.² He died in 1678, and was likewise buried at the temple of Muriô-In.

Mention is also made in the *Kirisuto ki* of a Sicilian of Palermo who was arrested in June, 1643, at Yakiu island in Chikuzen. On being examined, he confessed that he had come to Japan for the purpose of teaching Christianity. He was handed over to Yamazaki Gompachirô, the Governor of Nagasaki, and sent to Yedo, where he arrived on the 13th of the 7th month. He was placed in charge of Inouye Chikugo no Kami, the commissioner for trying Christians (*Kirishitan Bugiô*), by whom he was frequently examined, and, it is to be inferred, eventually induced to deny his creed, since he was transferred to the Yashiki, where Giuseppe Chiara and Brother Andrea Vieyra were confined, and received an annual allowance of a thousand *mommé* of silver³ (60 *mommé*=one tael), and ten men's allowance of

¹ This was the Kirishitan Yashiki itself; as is made abundantly clear in Dr. Lönholm's article.

² This is clearly the same as Nambo, the Japanese physician from Motekimura, near Nagasaki, spoken of in Dr. Lönholm's manuscript.

³ A thousand *momme* make one *yamme*; so that in this statement of the allowance made to the Sicilian the two accounts are absolutely at one.

rice (five *shô*, or nearly two bushels per diem). Lastly, among the inmates of the Kirishitan Yashiki, as it was popularly called, was an Annamite Christian named Yikuan, who died in 1700 at the age of seventy-eight, and was buried at Muriô-In like the rest.¹

While the agreement of these Japanese accounts in many details may be held to be satisfactory proof of the existence of some underlying foundation of fact, it is plain that the compiler of the *Kirisuto ki* has in one instance at least become entangled in hopeless confusion. He has had before him two independent versions of the coming of Giuseppe Chiara, and finding them not in accord has treated them as referring to two different individuals. The Sicilian of Palermo who was arrested in Chikuzen in June, 1643, must unquestionably have been no other than Father Chiara himself, as the account of Nakayama Kô plainly indicates. Chiara was a Sicilian, and the only Sicilian, so far as we know, among the very very few who at this epoch were allowed to court death in Japan. The date and subsequent history and the allowance of one *kwamme* of silver and ten rations of rice exactly agree with what Nakayama Kô tells us of Chiara. But if the compiler of the *Kirisuto ki* was capable of such a confusion as this, it is surely not unreasonable to infer that his narrative, the violent anti-Christian bias of which is patent on the surface, can only be regarded as trustworthy in so far as it is confirmed by other and more independent sources of information.

Having seen so much of the native Japanese accounts, we are naturally led to inquire what authority exists for that version of the story which has become traditional among Jesuit historians. There can I think be little doubt that the ultimate sources are made known to us in a book of the Jesuit Father Cardim, the historian of the Japanese Martyrs and the contemporary of many among them. His best known work, *Fasciculus e Japponicis Floribus*, was published in 1646, but while it contains a tolerably complete list of the martyrs down to 1640, it says nothing of those who like Father Rubino or those now under discussion gave up their lives after that date. In another *Relation*, however, first printed in 1645, he speaks of five Jesuits who were still believed to remain in hiding in Japan after 1640, and he adds,

These five who remained were joined in 1642 by four others of the Society, viz., Father Anthony Rubino, a Piedmontese, Visitor of the

¹ *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan*, vol. vi. p. 61.

Province of Japan and China, Father Albert Mecinski, a Pole, Father Didacus Moralez, a Castilian, and Father Francis Marquez, a Portuguese.¹ Certain Dutchmen who have returned from Japan report that these were all captured in 1643, and also Father Peter Marquez, with nine companions. We are every day expecting to receive the account of their glorious death.²

So far as regards Father Rubino and his four companions, Father Cardim was not deceived in his anticipation of their triumphant victory over all forms of torture. Father Peter Marquez, the leader of the second group, apparently not a relative of the Francis Marquez who figures in the first, wrote a detailed account of the martyrdom, which was marked by the most excruciating torments, protracted for five months.³ Of the fate, however, of Father Peter Marquez himself and of those who landed with him, no information has ever been forthcoming which can be regarded as reliable. It is Father Cardim himself who, in a later work, long preserved in manuscript and only printed of recent years,⁴ has attempted to satisfy our curiosity. It is obvious from the tone of his remarks that even then, rumours unfavourable to the constancy of the last band of missionaries must have been widely spread. To allay the anxiety of his fellow Jesuits, he has preserved copies of the two following letters, the first of which was written from Macao to the Assistant of Portugal by Father João Cabral, Visitor of the Mission of Tonquin. It is dated November 2, 1647. The writer, after explaining that he had cross-questioned certain Dutchmen in Tonquin who had arrived there from Japan in January, 1646, together with some Chinese, and a Japanese named Paulo Rodriguez, who had been acting as agent (*feitor*) to the Dutch in Japan, continues as follows :

A Dutchman named Jacobo declared that he had had occasion two years ago to visit the court at Yedo, and that he had seen there five Jesuits who had been taken for their religion. Their names were

¹ There were really five in all. Father Cardim has somehow omitted the name of Father Antonio Capece.

² Cardim, *Relation de la Province du Japon*, French edition, 1645.

³ See Pagés, *Histoire*, i. p. 876. Two small books were published shortly afterwards about Father Rubino, and others about Father Mecinski. The Dutch factor, Elserack, seems to have witnessed the martyrdom, but his account is inaccessible to me. A formal investigation of the facts took place at Macao the same year.

⁴ This work, called *Batalhas da Companhia de Jesus na sua gloriosa Provincia do Japão* was edited by L. Cordeiro in 1894. I am indebted to Mr. Edgar Prestage for calling my attention to the book. It must have been compiled about 1650.

Pero Marquez, a Portuguese, Alonso Arroyo, a Castilian, Francisco Cascola (*sic*) and José Claro, Italians, all of these being priests, and a Japanese called Andrew Vieyra, who was not a priest. He went on to say that he saw them all carried off to the Xoya (the Inquisition chamber) and that he followed and entered by stealth to hear what went on there, and because they thought that he had no knowledge of Spanish, although he did know it, they paid no heed to him, and in this way he saw the said five Jesuits so weak and disfigured that they appeared to be more dead than alive. He told me also that the inquisitors put all sorts of questions to them about our holy faith, and that only one of them answered resolutely, for the rest could no longer speak for sheer weakness. Further, that after this they tortured them in the public street, driving a bamboo saw between their ribs¹ with great cruelty, and that after that three of them died in prison.

He went on to state that as at that juncture a daughter was born to the tyrant, the said two Fathers, like all other prisoners, were released from confinement, according to the custom of Japan, and they established them in the residence of a certain Chicandono who had once been a Christian,² and that the said Dutchman having returned to the Court at Yedo this last year he found that because the Fathers had never consented to apostatize, they had sent them to the house of the public women, and that there they remained in confinement.

All this was reported by the Dutchman Jacobo, and the Chinese of whom I spoke above confirmed the statement, using almost the same words, adding, moreover, that when they were at Nagasaki they were obliged, for certain business which they had with the Dutch, to go to the Court of Yedo, and there they saw the said Fathers imprisoned in the place just mentioned, and that one of the two told them that to be there was a greater torture than any which the Japanese had inflicted upon them up to that time.

The Japanese, Paulo Rodriguez, to whom I made reference above, says that he knows for certain the truth of what I have here set down, having learnt it from a sure source, and he adds that as it is forbidden to the Japanese upon pain of death to speak of matters of religion, he could obtain no information from the Fathers themselves. This was what he was able to state for certain, and you may judge whether he deserves more credit than the apostate interpreters of Nagasaki.³

The second letter, quoted by Father Cardim, seems to have been despatched somewhat later, though no definite date is assigned to it. It was written by Father Philip Marino, and is addressed to the General of the Jesuits.

¹ Correndo-lhe pelas costas uma serra de bambu.

² By this Chikugo no Kami must presumably be meant.

³ Cardim, *Batalhas*, pp. 62, 63. It is obvious from this that a story was current at Nagasaki that the Fathers had denied the faith.

I landed in this kingdom of Tonquin on January 1st, 1647, when I found that two Dutch vessels from Japan had arrived a few days before. As a good opportunity offered I took occasion to enquire of these Dutchmen about the state of that country and about our Fathers who had last made their way thither in the year 1643. And what I was able to glean from them and from other persons is the following.

Hardly had Father Peter Marquez, Father Francis Cascola (*sic*), Father Joseph Claro, Father Alonso Arroyo and Brother Andrew Vieyra reached Japan from the Philippines when they were captured at Nagasaki, and soon after were subjected to the usual tortures with some secular persons, under which tortures the seculars soon succumbed, dying like true Christians and brave soldiers of Christ. In the meantime the Emperor of Japan had a daughter born to him, and he, in order to celebrate the occasion with suitable rejoicings, ordered a general pardon to be proclaimed for all prisoners, even for those who had been incarcerated for professing the Christian faith, but the Fathers by the express order sent to the *Tono* of Nagasaki were transported to the capital, where they arrived more dead than alive, seeing that they had only just been taken from the torture chamber. The mistake which the tyrant made was to persuade himself that as soon as the Fathers reached the Court they would yield either to promises or threats. But they stood firm, and for this they were condemned to fresh torments, so much the more terrible than those which had preceded as a more diabolical ingenuity devised them. The other details are not known. We only know that very skilful doctors were present at the torture, and when they saw that the said Fathers were sinking under the infliction they strengthened them with medicines and other drinks which helped to revive them, in order that they might undergo new and greater sufferings. This exercise of cruelty lasted many days, and it was borne victoriously by the heroic charity of the Fathers, with all that fortitude which our Lord Jesus gives to those who are the champions of His cause.

During this time Father Joseph Claro, Father Alonso Arroyo, and Brother Andrew Vieyra were worn out by their sufferings and died. It is unknown whether in the act of being tortured or afterwards in prison. Fathers Peter Marquez and Francis Cascola escaped with their lives, and there was assigned them for prison the mansion house (*paço*) of the apostate Checandono, where by the King's order two women waited upon the Fathers, the tyrant's intention being to let it be understood that the Fathers lived with them.

The rest of the letter is taken up with other details concerning the final extermination of Christianity in Japan. Even as late as 1645 or 1646, more than 130 Christians had been arrested in Nagasaki and thirty of them put to death, while information is given of two Jesuit Fathers, one of them a

certain Father Mancio Conix, who are reported to have suffered martyrdom about the same time.

It may be frankly admitted that the statements contained in these letters are open to considerable objection. It is only hearsay evidence, collected by parties to whom the fair fame of the Society to which they belonged was a matter of deep concern. There would be a natural inclination on the part of the Chinese and others to report tidings which were acceptable to their interrogator, rather than the contrary, and even the Dutch traders, especially at a moment when there was peace between themselves and their Spanish rivals, were not without sympathy for the awful fate of the Jesuit missionaries who fell into the hands of the Japanese. Thus in 1642, shortly after the news of the proclamation of peace between the two countries had reached the far East, Father Koffler, S.J., writes from Batavia, speaking in the warmest terms of the kindness shown him by the Dutch officials. The Dutch commander invited him to his table, and when Koffler made intercession for some prisoners and procured their liberation, he seems to have won the hearts of the whole colony.¹ Again, one statement made in the second of these letters is in direct contradiction with what we know to be the truth. It is certain that Father Joseph Chiara did not, as asserted by Father Marino, die under torture,² but lived on for long years afterwards. None the less, in spite of these and other objections, I am strongly disposed to maintain that there was some foundation in fact for what is asserted in these letters. It may be extremely difficult to disentangle truth from error, but I do not believe that the reports were mere idle fabrications.

One specially interesting point in the letter of Father João Cabral is the passage in which I think we must recognize the probable origin of the sawing-in-pieces story. Father Cabral states, upon the authority of the Dutchman Jacobo, that the victims were tortured *in the public street* by having a bamboo

¹ "Darum erweisen uns die Protestanten grössere Ehr als ihren eigenen Prædicanten." (See Stoecklein's *Briefschriften und Reisebeschreibungen*, vol. i. part i. No. 10, pp. 30, 31.) I may here express my regret for having erroneously stated in my last article that the Dutch were only allowed to retain their privileges of trade with Japan at the price of trampling upon the Cross. This has often been said, but plainly rests upon no sufficient evidence, and I am glad to find that even Father Charlevoix acquits the Dutch merchants of this charge.

² Of course this may be merely an accidental substitution of the wrong name. Father Alonso Arroyo admittedly did die as a consequence of the tortures inflicted on him.

saw passed between their ribs. Now, although Father Cardim's *Batalhas* was never printed until recently, it is extremely likely that a copy of this particular letter was accessible to Father Bartoli in the archives of the Society. In any case, it is impossible not to be struck by the close resemblance between Father Cabral's letter and the following version of the fate of Father Peter Marquez and companions, which we read in Father Bartoli's *Asia*.¹

Whoever [he says] shall have to describe how they were sawn while alive, as was actually done to them in a public street in Yedo, after having undergone other tortures, and how they were reconducted, half-dead, to their prison, the death of three of them there, and the end of the other two who were kept alive, but in a more dangerous kind of death,² because the Shōgun in the meanwhile had a daughter born to him, will have to distinguish the real truth from the falsehoods which the Dutch heretics have mixed up with it in their journals.

I am much afraid that this is the sole foundation for the explicit assertion of Father de Guilhermy with which I began this article. Cabral states that he was told by the Dutchman Jacobo, that the five martyrs had had their ribs sawn with a bamboo saw and that three of them in consequence died in prison. Bartoli speaks simply of their being sawn alive (*il segarli vivi*). Charlevoix adds that the journal of the crew of the *Breskens* enables us to determine the date of the occurrence because these Dutch sailors saw the martyrs tortured. Finally, Father de Guilhermy declares that a whole ship's company of Dutchmen saw the limbs of the victims slowly sawn off before their eyes. So it is that history grows.

And yet if any one should thereupon be tempted to scoff at the whole story as preposterous, saying that we have no record of this torture being inflicted upon the Japanese Christians, and that a bamboo saw was in itself a highly improbable instrument of punishment, such a sceptic, I say, would certainly be venturing on a very rash line of criticism. In point of fact we have unequivocal evidence of the existence in Japan of a closely analogous torment, a torment we should hardly have conceived possible where any progress in civilization had been made. Amongst the punishments fully recognized and minutely

¹ *Asia*, Seconda Parte, lib. v. cap. 34. See *Opere del Padre Daniello Bartoli* (Edit. 1830), vol. ix. p. 190.

² "Riserbati a vivere, ma in una più pericolosa specie di morte." Father Bartoli is clearly alluding to the "casa das mulheres publicas."

described in the Japanese penal code of two or three centuries back, is one of singular atrocity. The criminal was packed into a box square in shape and of little depth. This box was securely closed by a lid made of two boards, a small round hole being left between them. In this hole between the boards the prisoner's neck was compressed, so that his head alone protruded out of the box. The box was then set up and fixed in its place by means of heavy stones in one of the most public thoroughfares of Yedo (the Nihon bashi), and beside it were placed two saws, one of bamboo and one of metal. Everyone who passed that way was required to make one cut backwards and forwards at the prisoner's neck with the bamboo saw. Moreover, Dr. G. Michaelis, whose article in the Proceedings of the German Japanese Society I am here paraphrasing, considers that all good citizens whose road lay in that direction, regarded it as a duty not to shirk the execution of this task. The torture lasted for two days. If the criminal survived that period an end was put to his sufferings by means of the metal saw.¹

Now the reader will observe that this is no missionary's highly-coloured appeal for sympathy, but the sober statement of a professor of laws based entirely upon native and official sources. It would seem, no doubt, that any compassionate passer-by might have put an end to the tragedy by severing the jugular, but we must probably assume that public sympathy lay not with the criminal but with the law, inconceivably cruel as it was. One thing is plain, that the use of bamboo saws as instruments of torture must have been quite familiar to the Japanese inquisitors of the year 1643.

Again, the reference to the release of prisoners at the birth of the Shōgun's daughter, seems to find a parallel in a similar act of grace at the accession of the new Shōgun in 1651. We are told in the diary of a Swedish captain who visited Japan at that epoch, that 3,000 prisoners had been released, and among them 200 suspected Christians.² What is more important, there was clearly some insidious scheme to compromise the reputation of the missionaries in confinement

¹ *Mittheilungen der Deutschen Gesellschaft für Natur- und Völkerkunde Ostasiens*. Band iv.; article on "Japanisches Strafrecht," by G. Michaelis, pp. 371, 372, Tōkyō, 1888.

² See Nils Matson Kiöping, *Een Kort Beskrifning*, &c. (1674), p. 193. "Then 16 Nov. (1651) kom Tiidender att then nya unga Keysaren wid sin Kröning hade looss gifwit alla Fångar uthi Japan wid pass 3,000 ibland hwilcka 200 mistänceta Christna woro." Some had been in prison for many years.

by bringing them into relation with women. No one who has read the hideous stories in Caron's *Beschrijvinge* and its Appendix, can doubt that in the case of their Christian victims the Japanese inquisitors of that day stopped short of nothing, absolutely nothing, to gain their ends. Respect for decency, and even for the primary instincts of the natural law, exercised upon them no restraining influence of any sort. On the contrary, whatever sense of modesty or self-respect they found in their victims, appealed to them only as a weakness by adroitly practising upon which they might hope to extort an apostasy which they could not otherwise compass. In the case of the heroic martyr Father Mastrilli, we are told that he rebuked the persecutors for their vile outrages in such burning words, offering himself at the same time for any other form of torment, that his torturers actually desisted for very shame. In these matters we can never hope, we can hardly even desire, to penetrate the veil of secrecy in which these nameless affronts are shrouded. But the knowledge that such things went on, undoubtedly lends probability to the tale told in somewhat varying language by both Father Cabral and Father Marino.

Moreover, there is at least one other echo of this matter to be found in an entry in the Journal of the Dutch East India Company at Nagasaki. There, under date November 24th, 1643, we learn :

It is stated that several Catholic priests (*verscheide Roomsche Priesters*) having been carried off prisoners to Yedo, renouncing their Saviour, have adopted the Japanese religion and are to live in Nagasaki to the scandal of the Christians. These were provided by the Emperor with the means of subsistence, yet four of them who are Portuguese, even after their apostasy and although now set at liberty, would not live with women, though leave had been given them for this by the Emperor. This so irritated his Majesty that he had them thrust into prison again to be tortured and ill-treated.¹

That this can only have reference to the companions of Father Peter Marquez appears practically certain, from the fact that the preceding band of missionaries (that under Father Rubino), had all been put to death by March 23rd of that same year, 1643.

Again from another entry in the journal of the Dutch

¹ "Welk zyn Majesteit zoodanig uertoornde, dat hy hen weer in de gevankenis om ze te plagen en te mishandelen, stellen dede." Valentyn, *Beschryving . . . van onzen Handel in Japan*, &c., vol. v. part 2, p. 86.

merchants at Nagasaki we may infer with much probability that some of the Chinese from Macao did succeed during the first year after their capture in communicating with Father Peter Marquez and his party. In 1644, *i.e.*, about a year after the entry last cited, we find the following notice.

On November 11th, 40 Chinese were banished to Ombra, 15 remained here prisoners and 6 have already died under torture. These measures were taken because amongst their people were found Christians who communicated with the Portuguese settled in Macao and Cambodia, and also because a rosary had been found in their (the Chinese) junk.

But what perhaps shows us more clearly than anything else that the apostasy of the Jesuit missionaries, if apostasy it was, was not absolute and unconditioned, is the narration of Captain Schaep and the sailors of the ketch *Breskens*. These in sailing round the North of Japan seem to have landed in defiance of Japanese regulations, and were accordingly arrested and taken to Yedo, where for some time they remained in peril of their lives. It chanced that at this precise time Father Peter Marquez and his companions had also fallen into the hands of the Japanese Government, and they also were eventually brought to Yedo. Hence it came about that Schaep in his narrative had frequent occasion to refer to the Jesuits, the same interpreters, some of them seemingly apostate priests, having to do with both sets of captives. As early as the beginning of September they had heard from their captors that the "imprisoned Jesuits and Japanese not being able to endure the exquisite torments, had denied Christianity."¹ None the less, when, a month or so later, they actually saw these Jesuits and heard them examined, there was nothing in their demeanour to bear out such a story. On one occasion, we are told,

Entering the palace they found the executioners busy in torturing four Jesuits, of which, according as they guessed, the youngest might be 40, the others 50, 60, and 70 years old. They were habited after the Japan manner, yet might easily be distinguished from them. The executioners used them very barbarously, locked their hands in iron cuffs, their feet they loaded with weighty chains, and pinioned them up in such a manner that they could not stir one limb.²

¹ Montanus, *Gedenkwaardig Gesandschap*, Amsterdam, 1669, p. 305.

² Montanus, p. 302. This statement corresponds accurately enough with the facts. Pedro Marquez was 68, and Alonso Arroyo 61, while the two other Fathers were younger. (See Pagés, p. 873.) Again, though Schaep does not seem to have learnt the Fathers' names, he says quite accurately that two of them were Italians, one a Castilian, and the other a Portuguese. (Montanus, English Translation, p. 373.)

Again Schaep informs us in another place :

They were commanded to sit down on mats beside the four Jesuits, who looked exceedingly pitifully, their eyes and cheeks strangely fallen in ; their hands black and blue, and their whole bodies sadly misused and macerated by torture.

These, though they had apostatized from the Christian faith, yet declared publicly to the interpreters Kytsbyoye and Phatsyosamon, that they did not freely apostatize, but the insufferable torments which had been inflicted upon them forced them to it. The Council asked them at large concerning their opinions and the power of God, on which one answered faintly, but the rest were much more resolute.¹

A subsequent examination seems to have been conducted in the presence of the Dutchmen, and Schaep's account conveys that whatever previous weakness they may have exhibited, the Jesuits now answered boldly and almost defiantly. When "Syovan,"² who, according to Schaep, was himself an apostate Jesuit priest, bade the prisoners renounce the God who had forsaken them, the account tells us :

To these blasphemous discourses the wisest of the Jesuits said : "Notwithstanding these words come from Siovan, yet they ought to be reproved, and I tell you that we believe that without God's permission none can hurt one hair of our heads, neither is there salvation for the immortal soul without God, and to forsake Him either for worldly ends or cruel torments must of necessity be a great sin. Meanwhile God denies not mercy to those that at the last hour beg it, if they are penitent and depend on their Saviour, Jesus Christ."

It seemed as if the Jesuit would have said more, but that the councillors gave a sign that the four Jesuits were to be led from thence.³

The limits of this article preclude further quotations, and I must content myself with pointing out that the Dutchmen at no time saw or heard anything on the part of the Jesuits which was equivalent to a denial of the faith. The story of the apostasy may possibly be true, but it rests up to the present time entirely on the evidence of the Japanese, who had interested motives for giving out that the Fathers had renounced their Christianity.

I ought, perhaps, to add that sixty years later the learned

¹ Montanus (English Translation), p. 357 ; Dutch original, p. 327.

² Charlevoix believes this to have been the unfortunate Father Ferreira, who fell from the faith in 1633 after having endured the torment of the pit for five hours. There is, however, no evidence for this identification, and Sir Ernest Satow thinks it improbable.

³ Montanus (English Translation), p. 360 ; Dutch original, p. 332.

Japanese, Arai Haku-Seki, who had every opportunity of being well informed, declares in his report upon the Abbé Sidotti that about one hundred Christian missionaries who had come to Japan in the seventeenth century were put to death, while only five saved their lives by recantation.¹ Again, it clearly appears from the same Japanese savant's memoirs that Father Chiara secretly taught the Christian faith to the man and woman who served him in his prison.²

Reviewing, however, the evidence as a whole, it can hardly be doubted that some sort of renunciation of Christianity was extorted from one or more of the Jesuit missionaries by the extremity of their torments. What exactly happened we shall probably never know, but he would be indeed a severe censor who refused his sympathy to the infirmity which the unfortunate victims may have shown, or who ventured to pronounce that by that act they had irrevocably cut themselves off from all hopes of salvation. Perhaps the most terrible trial of all must have been the loneliness of their position and the impossibility of succour. For they were the last survivors of a forlorn hope, itself primarily organized that a helping hand might be extended to the unfortunate Father Ferreira, Provincial of the Jesuits, who had caused infinite sorrow throughout the Order by falling from the faith in 1633. Few probably estimate how terrible was the position in which these latest comers found themselves as compared with that of the early martyrs at the beginning of the same century. It is one of the inexplicable mysteries of God's providence that we should now be honouring upon our altars as Canonized Saints of the Church many who passed to their reward by the swift and easy passage of the sword, while the incredible torments overcome by such heroes as Father Mastrilli and Father Rubino are still uncelebrated, at least in this world. Still stranger is it that others who, like Fathers Ferreira and Chiara, persevered for long hours in defying the most hideous form of torture, were in the end destined to succumb, forfeiting honour, comfort, peace of mind, and even, it is to be feared, their robe of sanctifying grace.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ See the Mittheilungen of the German Japanese Society, vol. vi. (1893), p. 177. Arai Haku-Seki's report on Sidotti is printed as an appendix to Dr. Lönholm's paper. An English Translation from a slightly different text will be found in the Japanese journal, *The Chrysanthemum*, vol. ii. p. 396.

² *Transactions of the Japanese Asiatic Society*, vol. ix. p. 167.

Honour's Glassy Bubble.

A STORY OF THREE GENERATIONS.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VI.

UNCLE DUNCAN.

MR. BRUCE, a younger brother of Mabel's mother, was that same Uncle Duncan who had been godfather to the early-deceased Donka, and who about the time of young Attila's death had shown himself inclined to secure the future of his grand-nephews by offering to educate them at his own expense, with a view ultimately to entering the large mercantile house in which he was partner. How and why this proposal was refused by Mabel, has already been told, and it had been in consequence of this refusal that there had sprung up between uncle and niece an estrangement that would doubtless have been final but for one of those seemingly chance and irrelevant meetings that are in reality brought about and directed by the invisible Master-hand that so firmly, yet inscrutably, pulls the ropes of our earthly destinies.

Uncle Duncan, now in his sixty-seventh year, had lived all his life in harness, having at the age of fifteen entered the large business house that now bore his name as partner—to work his way slowly but surely up the many rungs of that long, monotonous ladder that divides the position of a penniless clerk from that of an influential director. Though not precisely the millionaire into which the imagination of an obsequious waiter had exalted him, yet his private fortune had attained a very respectable figure when at the age of sixty-six he was compelled by the advice of his physician to retire from business. Albeit gifted with an excellent constitution, there had nevertheless during the last years been various signs and indications to notify that the time was approaching when the well-worn

machine, whose wheels had been revolving unremittingly for half a century, would presently refuse to bear a further strain upon it, and that the hour of rest had struck for him, as sooner or later it must strike for the most active and inveterate of workers.

Being a wise man in his generation, Mr. Bruce took the hint, and sent in his resignation as director of the great mercantile house of Tennant, Cochrane, Bruce, and Co., resolving to spend the remaining years of his life in taking a large bank holiday, and endeavouring in his old age retrospectively to make up for, and secure some portion of those enjoyments of which a weary, plodding youth and busy, bustling middle age, had deprived him. Besides, why should he have gone on working, since he had neither chick nor child to whom the money would be left? for like many another busy man, Mr. Bruce, although theoretically inclined towards matrimony, had gone on putting off the decisive step from year to year, until with a start he realized that it was now too late, and that the time had gone by when he could reasonably have expected to be married for himself, and not for what he could offer. His life, running entirely in one narrow groove, had afforded few opportunities of mixed social intercourse. His acquaintances were mostly business men like himself, whom he met at his club, without seeking to penetrate the sanctuary of their homes, or enjoy the society of their wives and daughters.

Mabel Hunvalagi-Stillberg, the daughter of his only sister, was his sole relative, and had she accepted his overtures twelve years ago, his old age would have been enlivened by clearly defined duties and interests. This, however, had not come to pass, so now he stood alone in the world, with but his own convenience, comfort, and pleasure to consider, and ample means at his disposal for so doing.

Yet it must be acknowledged that Mr. Bruce was not enjoying his "large bank holiday" in reality nearly as much as he had done in anticipation. The habits of half a century are apt to die hard, and there is an art of doing nothing pleasantly and profitably that can only be acquired by rigid apprenticeship, and is not to be mastered in a few weeks or even months. Therefore, when the *ci-devant* man of business, who had retired in January, had spent the earlier part of the year at Brighton, the spring in London, the subsequent summer weeks at one of the German watering-places, and had then drifted somewhat aim-

lessly through the Tyrol and Upper Austria, a distinct sense of forlornness began to steal over him. Somehow he did not seem to fit in rightly anywhere, he failed to catch the proper key-note of the sparkling pleasures and bright diversions he beheld revolving in giddy vortex all around him; and he caught himself repeatedly thinking with a sort of sneaking regret of the well-worn leather arm-chair and old oaken desk in his business office, where he had sat for over twenty years, envying the man who now sat in his place, and wondering whether perhaps after all he had not been just a little premature in lying on his oars and giving up the fight. Might he not may-be have gone on for another half-dozen years in the old treadmill that he had got to love far more dearly than he had suspected? There would always have been a few more years left for this sort of thing—for fashionable watering-places, tip-top hotels, mountain panoramas, and gabbling foreigners. Why, he could count up at least a score of men fully half a dozen years older than himself, who had no thought yet of quitting their business.

Then, just as Mr. Bruce had reached the conclusion that he had had enough of foreign travel, and would pack his trunk that very evening and make tracks for his native Caledonia, the name of Hunvalagi-Stillberg, spoken amidst the din and clatter of a crowded dining-room, struck upon his ear, and looking up with a movement of powerfully-arrested attention, he had seen before him an unusually handsome, fair-haired young giant, whose features vividly recalled those of his only sister, Isabel Bruce, and who was apparently the husband of the pretty, overdressed, vivacious little shrew who had just spoken.

The surmise—soon converted into conviction—that this could only be one of those same grand-nephews whom he had proposed to adopt some thirteen years previously, produced an abrupt revulsion of thought and intention. Mr. Bruce had now suddenly discovered the hitherto lacking interest in his life, and no longer felt in a hurry to quit Ischl, although he did not at once resolve to disclose his identity.

There had been no intercourse between himself and his niece during the past twelve years, for, choosing to consider himself aggrieved by her—to him—unaccountable preference for a Hungarian father-in-law over a Scotch uncle, he had (as he firmly believed) irrevocably eradicated Mabel and her children from heart and memory. His niece had, moreover, never been to him much more than a name, for his last

recollection of her was of a fair-haired child gravely engrossed in needlework by the side of her invalid mother. When Mabel was left an orphan soon after this last meeting, Duncan Bruce had sent his sister's only daughter to complete her education at a finishing school at Munich, it being the girl's great desire to acquire proficiency in foreign tongues with a view to becoming a governess. And Mr. Bruce had approved of her independent spirit when on leaving school Mabel had, without returning to Scotland, immediately engaged herself to the Styrian family whose vicinity to the Stillberg estate was to prove so fateful to the beautiful orphan girl. Though himself already in easy circumstances by this time, and therefore fully able to provide for his niece, he was of opinion (judging by himself) that work is good for everyone, and held that even should it suit his plans formally to adopt his niece and make her his heiress, she would be all the better for having gone through the experience of earning her bread by her own efforts for a year or two. Whatever latent resolves may have been in his mind on this point were, however, abruptly extinguished by Mabel's unexpected marriage with a foreigner, the news of which was coldly received by her only living relative, who confined himself to a fifty pound cheque as wedding gift and a few formal lines of congratulation, in which he trusted that she might never live to regret her hasty choice. By and bye, however, when the young couple had begun to realize the imprudence of a step which had estranged young Attila from his own family, and when Mabel, in a piteous little note written in an unheated room that only by courtesy was not called a garret, had informed Mr. Bruce that she was expecting her second child, before the elder one, born in the first year of her marriage, had learned to walk alone, the uncle's heart underwent a sudden softening, and spontaneously he offered to stand godfather to the coming infant, although he could not bring himself to make the sacrifice of a week's absence from his business office in order to attend the christening ceremony.

This had been in 1867, and during the subsequent years the relations between uncle and niece had been of a fairly cordial nature ; and although as a shrewd man of business, who had not yet finally relinquished all matrimonial prospects, he refrained from binding himself down by any fixed promise of continued assistance, yet without the prospect of Uncle Duncan's crisp little cheques that came so regularly twice a year, the

young Baroness Hunvalagi-Stillberg would have found it hard indeed to dovetail the ends of her household bills.

Then had come young Attila's sudden death, carried off by pneumonia in the full flush of manhood, after scarce a week's illness. To Mr. Bruce, now a confirmed bachelor, the demise of his niece's foreign husband had appeared as a distinct dispensation of Providence, expressly devised in order to furnish him with that family circle which he neglected to make for himself while time had been, for—as he would probably have expressed it—his pigs had been delayed too long to fetch their market price. Of course the young widow and her three children should at once be transplanted from Vienna to Glasgow, the boys, still young enough to be moulded into sturdy Scotchmen, despite the strain of foreign blood in their veins, should receive an education befitting their career as future partners of the great house of Tennant, Cochrane, Bruce, and Co., while Mabel and her infant daughter Helen would supply the feminine element that had hitherto been lacking in his life. He would purchase a large villa on the banks of the Clyde; he knew of one that was to be had a bargain, and there within easy reach of his business office, he would lead an ideal family life, enjoying all the advantages of the matrimonial state, without its obvious risks and drawbacks. For are not wives and children proverbially incalculable? But a niece and grand-nephews that would owe everything to him without a legal claim, was an investment that could not possibly fail to bring in at least fifty per cent. interest of gratitude and affection.

But shrewd man of business though he was, for once in his life Mr. Bruce had made a false calculation in reckoning his chickens before they were hatched. The bare idea that his generous overtures would be refused had never even occurred to Mr. Bruce, nor had he contemplated the possibility that old Attila Hunvalagi, who had shown himself so obstinately unforgiving towards his eldest son, should now so eagerly claim the guardianship of his grandchildren. In his eyes, a grandfather who for over thirteen years had not troubled his head to inquire whether or not his direct descendants were likely to die of hunger, had long since forfeited all claim to that title; and in his eyes Mabel's acceptance of her father-in-law's offer in preference to his own, had appeared as a combination of feminine vanity and caprice tinged by blackest ingratitude. Doubtless she had considered it more flattering to her conceit

to take rank in society as the daughter-in-law of a Hungarian nobleman rather than as the niece of a Glasgow business man, thought Mr. Bruce, with rankling irritation, when Mabel's final decision had been conveyed to him—for in moments like these it is impossible to be either a clear-sighted or dispassionate judge of actions and motives that have been a cause of disappointment to ourselves. Having no other indications to go upon than the rather formal and reserved letters of a niece who was to him almost a stranger, how should he have guessed at the soul tortures and tempests of indecision undergone by the sorely tried woman before she had—sacrificing her secret desires and predilections—decided in favour of what had appeared to her a manifest duty neither to be evaded nor denied? Had she indeed the right to repudiate the claims of her children's grandfather, whose name they bore, and to accept an arrangement that would involve the renunciation of their paternal nationality? Moreover, Austrian law was undoubtedly on old Attila's side, and had it come to a legal contest his claims would unquestionably have carried the day over those of a maternal grand-uncle belonging to a different race and country. So the young widow, who perhaps possessed more of long-sighted Scotch wisdom than her uncle suspected, had decided spontaneously to yield that which might perhaps later have been taken from her by force, and have rendered her position yet harder than it already promised to be.

Lacking all these clues to the situation, however, Uncle Duncan had never felt able to forgive Mabel for her decision; and but for that casual meeting at Ischl with her son and his newly-wedded bride, it is probable that no further *rapprochement* between them would ever again have taken place.

As things turned out, however, the young couple had chanced to drift across his path just at the psychological moment when Mr. Bruce was in crying want of a fresh interest in life, something to replace the daily round of duties that had kept his thoughts actively employed for half a hundred years.

To the first surprise of hearing the names of Hunvalagi-Stillberg spoken unexpectedly close to his ear, had succeeded a certain feeling of pride and approbation on realizing that he was indeed connected by ties of blood with this fair-haired, straight-limbed young giant, who, despite his broad shoulders and magnificent physique, had such an appealing expression of

almost infantine simplicity and confidingness in his clear brown eyes. Yes, this was indeed a kinsman whom any one might be proud to own, even though his name happened to be a foreign one—a fellow with the figure of a Goliath and the mind of a child. As to the wife—his grand-niece-in-law—she was decidedly more difficult to classify, and it took Mr. Bruce, whose knowledge and experience of the fair sex was exceedingly limited, several days to make up his mind as to the precise category of goods under which this woman was to be classified, who had recently become the wife of his grand-nephew. That they were but newly married, and probably now engaged upon their honeymoon tour, seemed evident from many little signs and indications on the husband's part, although on the other side these symptoms were conspicuously lacking; and inexperienced though Mr. Bruce was in such matters, a curious sense of their conjugal disparity and incongruity began very soon to form and grow apace in his mind.

How his thoughtful and puzzled contemplation of this hitherto unknown and unstudied species of femininity had been entirely misconstrued by its object has just been related; and to Mr. Bruce the premature and unforeseen *dénouement* of the situation had brought with it that agreeable flavour of commercial satisfaction so often experienced in bygone days, when he had succeeded in obtaining an unexpected glimpse into the affairs of some rival firm. It flattered his business instincts pleasantly, enhancing his enjoyment of the position tenfold, to know that Gisella, despite the impertinent audacity wherewith she had carried off the affair, was left in doubt as to precisely how much or how little he had guessed of the truth.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CARPET-MAKER.

WHILE Gisella, lingering before the large pier-glass that so becomingly reflected her graceful figure, was striving to adjust the bunch of rock carnations to her own perfect satisfaction, Angus on the terrace below was talking to his grandfather, giving a somewhat one-sided and desultory account of their proceedings during these blissful honeymoon weeks; for while describing the scenes they had visited and the people they had

met, every single impression and recollection was viewed through, and coloured by, the glorious medium of one prominent idea—Gisella, Gisella—and again Gisella.

They had arrived scarce half an hour ago, and Angus had not yet seen his mother, but presently Mabel and her daughter came out of the house and joined the two men on the terrace.

"Well, Angus, well?" said the mother with a whole world of pride, anxiety, and tenderness in her voice, as after a quick embrace she drew back a little from his side the better to scan his face and features with those jealous, inquisitorial, maternal eyes that can penetrate so many things invisible to other beholders. She was fearful of reading disillusionment on his countenance, for was it conceivable that he should go on blindly adoring this shallow butterfly-souled little creature, who long since had been weighed by her in the balance and found wanting—ah, how sadly wanting!—in all the attributes of a desirable wife for her boy?

And yet, so strangely complex and paradoxical are workings of a mother's heart, that when she recognized naught save unlimited pride and delight on her son's handsome face, some unacknowledged feeling of disappointment was strangely mixed up with relief. She felt impatient, almost provoked, on realizing that her son—that young demigod for whom in her opinion the best of women would scarcely have been good enough—had shown himself so easily contented with an inferior article. Like an ignorant child he had picked up a worthless piece of glass, believing it to be a diamond of pure water; and while aware that she should rather be rejoicing that he had not yet found out his mistake, a good deal of pity and some tinge of contempt were covertly rankling within her.

But these were unacknowledged, almost unconscious thoughts, soon swept away in a fresh surprise as Angus presently remarked:

"I have a whole budget of messages for you, mother—only fancy whom we came across at Ischl last week?"

"At Ischl! But I have never been there in my life, and do not know a soul."

"Neither did we—but Gisella—you have no notion what a wonderfully sharp little woman she is! She found it out directly even before the old gentleman had made up his mind to come out of his shell," replied Angus, with a fond lover's smile. "It was no doubt the sight of her that turned the scale, for naturally

he could not help being eager to welcome her as a grand-niece-in-law."

"Grand-niece-in-law? What on earth do you mean, Angus? There are no other relations of yours on either side of the family except—except——"

"Except Mr. Bruce, your own mother's brother and consequently my grand-uncle. Surely, mother, you cannot have forgotten him?"

"Uncle Duncan!" exclaimed Mabel, in accents of boundless surprise.

"Ah—the cotton-spinner!" remarked old Attila with all the contemptuous arrogance of one belonging to a privileged caste to whom all worldly goods and social distinctions have come as a natural and incontestable birthright, without effort or agency of his own. "The same man who took the huff about a dozen years ago because I naturally preferred to bring up my grandsons as befitted their name and rank, rather than see them transformed into beggarly clerks."

"He meant it well," said Mabel, staunchly, feeling a newly aroused sense of family and national pride that would not suffer her to brook any slight put upon her kinsfolk and country. "And he was very kind to us during that hard time when we had no one else to turn to," she added, lowering her voice so as to be heard by her son alone. "It has always hurt me to think that he must have believed me cold and ungrateful all these years."

"And pray what was Mr. Bruce doing at Ischl? There are no cotton manufactories there, so far as I am aware of," questioned the old Hungarian, still in that same tone of haughty sarcasm.

Angus exchanged a glance with his mother before replying.

"My uncle has finally retired from business. He has made a large fortune, it seems. And it was not cotton either, but carpets that were manufactured by the house of Tennant, Cochrane, Bruce and Co."

Attila laughed harshly.

"Well, cotton or carpets it signifies little; I can perceive no vital difference between the two. And what does this carpet-spinning uncle of yours propose to do with himself now that, as you say, he has given up his shop?"

"He is amusing himself, and intends to enjoy his well-earned rest," retorted Angus with the slightest inflection of doubt in his tone. "Leastways that is what he was conscientiously

endeavouring to do when I took leave of him last Wednesday at the flower-corso on the Lake of Gmunden, though he certainly looked slightly incongruous, sitting forlorn in a boat wreathed profusely with lily of the valley and forget-me-not."

The subject was not further pursued just then, but two days later Attila somewhat astonished his grandson by an abrupt and seemingly irrelevant question regarding Mr. Bruce's further movements and intentions. Was he really in such a confounded hurry to return to his Scottish fogs and bogs now that he had unlimited time at his disposal? Then with yet more surprising and unusual amenity he added :

"If not, why you might as well write and invite him to spend a week or two here. I shall really have no objection to receive him, for although I have never yet been brought into contact with any individual of that class, yet I am willing to make an exception here in view of the—ahem—relationship, which cannot be entirely ignored."

Angus was overjoyed, Gisella pettishly disturbed, while Mabel, strange to say, had a momentary misgiving on being informed of her father-in-law's decision. Warmly as she had desired to meet again the only living relative she had possessed, the thought that he might possibly fail to produce a favourable impression upon the arrogant old Hungarian nobleman, who had only one measure to apply to those whose tastes and principles in any way happened to differ from his own, was a painful one; and she shrewdly suspected that this abnormal amiability on Attila's part foreboded no good—proceeding more probably from a deliberate intention to wound and disparage a barely tolerated daughter-in-law by lowering her kinsfolk in her children's eyes. She had retained but a faint and shadowy recollection of her uncle, which the curt, business-like tone of his subsequent letters had done little to revive in more positive fashion. That Uncle Duncan possessed a heart of gold in addition to the coffers likewise filled with that desirable metal, she undoubtedly knew—but what of his manners and appearance?

But when with some difficulty she contrived to convey a hint of these apprehensions to her son, his loud, cheery laugh was completely reassuring.

"Never fear, mother! you may take my word for it that the old gentleman is perfectly able to pass muster and hold his own in any circle of foreign grandees. Even if he cannot yet break himself of the habit of taking his meals by the clock, and has

spent his life in superintending the weaving of carpets, you will find neither cotton nor woollen threads clinging to his well-brushed clothes! And he speaks German quite decently for a foreigner, only with a broad Scotch accent that produces a somewhat singular effect until you get used to it."

And so it came to be settled, and the invitation conveyed to Mabel's uncle by the proprietor of Stillberg, was by return of post accepted in a short, business-like note of three lines mentioning the date, the hour, and the train by which he proposed to arrive.

If old Attila had counted upon the satisfaction of being able to show off the "cotton-spinning" uncle, as an object of ridicule and contempt, these secret aspirations were certainly doomed to complete and speedy disappointment. There was positively nothing in the appearance of the well-dressed, sturdy old gentleman to betray the degrading fact that he had made a fortune by his own energies; to the unbiassed naked eye he was every whit as presentable as the large contingent of those who, inversely, have made the spending of money the study of a lifetime. He was perfectly at his ease and serenely unconscious of being analyzed or dissected. And when his host, according to a boastful habit, vaunted his descent from Attila, the great Hun, Uncle Duncan casually brought in his own ancestor, Robert Bruce. Attila Hunvalagi had never heard of Bruce, but when subsequently informed by Herr Rack (whose business it of course was to know such things) that this had been a celebrated and heroic Scottish King, the descendant of the Huns was fain to draw in his horns in puzzled failure to comprehend this carpet-weaving individual who could actually claim to have royal blood in his veins.

On one occasion, however, it so fell out that the radically divergent opinions of host and guest were sharply defined and crystallized in a conversation that took place shortly before Mr. Bruce's departure from Stillberg.

It was in Attila's smoking-room where, one evening after supper, the gentlemen were sitting over their cigars—all except Attila, who, sternly conservative to inherited habits, was puffing the long-handled amber-mouthed pipe, that rarely left his side, sleeping or waking—while Gisella, who invariably preferred masculine society to that of her own sex, had deserted the drawing-room and the humdrum companionship of a mother and sister-in-law with whom she had little in common, in order

to smoke just one tiny cigarette in the company of her beloved husband.

No one could exactly remember how the discussion had sprung up. The topic seemed to have been hovering in the air all day like a brooding thundercloud, until now at this advanced evening hour it had assumed a tangible shape, breathed into life, as it were, by the blue curling clouds of smoke hanging over the apartment.

For this, the 10th of September, was the anniversary of Donka's birth—his twenty-third birthday it would have been had he lived to celebrate it—and the thought of the dead boy had been in each of their minds all day, although few words had been spoken. Singly, and almost stealthily, each one had repaired to that lovely spot on the hill where his coffin reposed in the family vault. The sun had scarcely risen when Mabel, pale and despairing, had thrown herself on the cold, dewy stone that marked the entrance to her boy's resting-place, in one of those passionate abandonments of grief that had now become a rare and secret luxury, and an hour later little Lona had appeared with a great sheaf of autumn flowers wherewith to strew the tomb of a beloved yet scarcely remembered brother. Angus had followed in turn, and later in the afternoon Mr. Bruce had likewise climbed the hill with the intention of contemplating the grave of his unknown godson and namesake, whose fate might have been so very different had the original plan of adoption been carried out. Just as he was about to enter the cemetery gates, however, the sound of another approaching footstep caused him to pause abruptly, and draw back just in time behind one of the weeping willows that flanked the entrance on either side. In the next moment Attila, his hard-cut features all distorted by an unusual emotion, and with something suspiciously resembling a tear upon his rugged old cheek, came in sight.

"So the old barbarian has got a heart after all, though he keeps it so carefully concealed," wonderingly mused Mr. Bruce, and then perceiving how painfully and gropingly Attila was preparing to descend the steep, uneven winding path that led down in the direction of the castle, he had stepped forward with some semi-defined notion of offering the assistance of his arm to lean upon.

But the haughty, almost fierce, astonishment to be read in the eyes of the old nobleman, disagreeably impressed at being

thus surprised in a moment of unguarded emotion, had caused as rapid a revulsion of intention.

"I was only taking a little evening walk," explained Attila with quite superfluous emphasis, fixing his guest with a look of stern defiance, as though daring him to assert that anything beyond a mere harmless constitutional was here in question.

"And I," retorted the old Scotchman, returning the gaze with steady composure, "was just on my way to visit the grave of my godson Duncan," and then with a formal inclination he passed through the gates of the little cemetery.

This was all that had taken place at the moment, but instinctively each of the two old men had felt that something like a challenge had passed between them, as their eyes, clashing together for one brief instant with the hard brilliancy of polished steel blades, had exchanged a cross-fire of reproach and defiance.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT IS HONOUR?

THE evening meal had been a very silent one, for the restraining influence of Mabel's presence had tied their tongues, but here in the smoking-room Attila and his guest were virtually alone, Angus being as usual wholly absorbed in adoration of his wife who, gracefully perched on the arm of his chair, was playing a hundred fascinating tricks with her dainty cigarette, alternately inhaling the fumes with half-closed eyes and exaggerated assumption of voluptuous enjoyment, brandishing it aloft like a fiery sceptre, or abruptly discharging the smoke from her rosy lips with ravishing impudence into her husband's face—while Herr Rack, half reclining upon a low ottoman couch, was apparently engrossed in perusal of the evening paper which he held before his face.

Presently, however, he became aware that Attila and Mr. Bruce were engaged in a discussion which promised to become more interesting than the rather stale political news of the day.

"A most extraordinary and lamentable piece of bad luck," Attila was saying in that tone of dogmatic assertion wherewith he invariably treated such questions. "To think that just

Donka, who of all people was so eminently qualified to hold his own in any encounter of arms, should have fallen a victim to such a clumsy opponent—one in every way unworthy of his steel. But for this unlucky chance Donka might have lived to come victorious out of a hundred duels. It was sad—very sad indeed, and no one can feel more bitterly than I what it is to have lost such a grandson—the very image of what I was at his age.”

“It is always sad, and doubly so when a young life has been needlessly sacrificed.”

“Needlessly! It was a dire necessity, I tell you, and no man of honour could have acted otherwise. But who can foresee or forestall Fate? When a man goes into battle can he tell whether he will live to see the sun set?”

“When a man goes into battle,” drily retorted Mr. Bruce, “he fights because it is his duty, for a legitimate, patriotic cause, and there is sense in that. Whereas here——”

“Here it is his honour that is at stake—and you will surely concede that honour’s obligations are no less sacred than those of patriotism?”

There was here a touch of unmistakable arrogance in his tone.

Mr. Bruce took a short briar-wood pipe from his pocket, which he proceeded to fill in leisurely fashion before replying:

“Why, that is the root of the whole question—What is honour? Is it not the consciousness of our own interior worth and probity? Something inherent and inseparable from our personality?”

“Why, yes. I suppose so,” conceded Attila, somewhat vaguely. He was not an expert controversialist, and the idea of being called upon to defend the practice of duelling had never hitherto entered into his wildest calculations. For him the question admitted of neither opposition nor debate—being just as much part of his creed as the religious and patriotic principles wherein he had been reared.

“Honour is the recognition of our moral value by the members of the social caste to which we belong,” now put in Herr Rack, suddenly looking up from his paper and joining in the discussion, “and that is why a gentleman—a man of honour—must be ever ready to defend this most precious attribute even at the price of his blood.”

Mr. Bruce shook his head with gentle obstinacy.

"How can any other man take away something belonging exclusively to myself and inseparable from the integrity of my own conduct and actions? You talk of honour as though it were a purse or gold watch liable to be appropriated by the first wretched pickpocket in the street who happens to take a fancy to my property. According to this principle, therefore, every gentleman's honour is at the mercy of any social bully who, being an adept with sword or pistol, chooses to put the question, 'Your honour or your life?'"

Attila looked slightly puzzled at this plain, unvarnished statement of the case, and was pondering his reply when again Valentine Rack came to his patron's relief. Far too shrewd and logical a man himself not long since to have recognized the utter fallacy of the cause he was defending, he was none the less determined not to permit the old Scotchman to have the best of the controversy. Towards Mr. Bruce, Valentine Rack was actuated by that vague, instinctive animosity which characters of his class generally experience when brought into contact with natures whose direct—almost primeval—simplicity and candour often enable them to hit the nail on the head, and put two and two together with disconcerting precision.

With the rhetorical brilliancy ever at his command, Herr Rack plunged glibly into a retort, which, for ingenious sophistry and equivocal audacity, was a masterpiece of its kind—pressing into his service all the old false and foolish, hackneyed and hollow arguments whereof the duellist's creed is composed—arguments that, although so often weighed and found wanting in the four-fold balance of religion, morality, justice, and common sense, yet seem never to be discredited, and serve again and again to gloss over and distort the image of truth, and bewilder the judgment of a brainless multitude.

Attila, in high good humour at seeing his pet hobby in the hands of such an able and brilliant exponent, nodded his head approvingly from time to time whenever any specially dexterous stroke or needle-witted turn of phrase appeared to him conclusively to settle the case—but Mr. Bruce puffed away at his pipe in dogged impassibility, by no word or gesture attempting to interrupt his opponent's flow of language, until he had wound up by saying:

"The matter is one which scarcely admits of discussion, since it must be self-evident to any man of honour belonging to a certain social caste. To sum up in a nutshell, it is simply

this: To accept a duel to which we have exposed ourselves by any deliberate breach of the courtesy due to our equals, is for us tantamount to a profession of faith—faith in that chivalrous spirit which is, or ought to be—the foundation of social life—while to refuse a challenge or pocket an affront is virtually to confess a lack of courage incompatible with the spirit of chivalry and the name and standing of a gentleman.”

Mr. Bruce shook his head with an air of one profoundly unconvinced, apparently as unmoved by this torrent of brilliant sophistry, as a gigantic granite boulder subjected to the prolonged attacks of a frothing and foaming cataract.

“You talk like a book, sir,” he remarked in a tone of measured, old-fashioned courtesy. “And that is a ground whereon I confess I am no match for your wit, never having had time or opportunity for book-learning of that sort. But if I have grasped your meaning it all simply boils down to this; whether a man under coercive circumstances be able and willing to furnish tangible proof of his courage at a minute’s notice, like a set of patterns required by return of post. But what, after all, is courage if we sample it carefully? A mere question of the momentary condition of our nervous system; since the same man who in a relaxing climate or after an attack of influenza, will start and shudder on the smallest provocation, may some days later, or after a few drachms of quinine, conduct himself like a lion, and perform prodigies of valour; and if, as you maintain, honour and purely animal courage are so inseparably allied, must not the humiliating conviction be forced upon us that our honour is no more than a sort of moral thermometer as absolutely removed from our control, and as dependent upon outward circumstances, as the quicksilver which is obliged to rise and fall according to the state of the weather? If therefore courage alone were to be regarded as a proof of honour, why then we should be obliged to take off our hats to every robber and burglar, since their calling necessarily supposes an unusual supply of this particular quality. Granting, however, for argument’s sake the accuracy of your point of view, that a gentleman may sometimes be called upon by exposing his life to furnish proof that his honour is of the double-dyed, perfect-washing quality, must he therefore necessarily become a murderer or make another man into one in order to compass this end? If he be really so pitifully dependent upon the opinion of his fellows, can he not regain their forfeited esteem in simpler and less

criminal fashion? A hundred such ways are open to him—why he need only repair to the nearest Zoological garden and give the keeper half-a-crown tip for the privilege of entering the tiger's cage in presence of an assembled crowd; or else bribe a tight-rope dancer to carry him on his back across a giddy abyss; or should he quixotically desire to combine the useful with the disagreeable, let him volunteer for a week's service in the small-pox or cholera ward of some public hospital—oh, there are no lack of ingenious devices for proving his courage if a man be so minded. And if he has publicly accomplished one of these feats, no one would henceforth dare accuse him of cowardice, he would always be able to silence any slanderer by inviting him first to follow his example before expressing an opinion on the subject."

Herr Rack burst into a loud and slightly boisterous laugh, intended no doubt to express amused and cynical contempt of the old Scotchman's opinions, but the very exaggeration of which would have betrayed to an observant ear the desire to cover and carry off some latent consciousness of defeat.

"I beg your pardon, my dear Mr. Bruce," he exclaimed, having at last with an apparent effort regained his gravity. "But really if you choose to treat the whole question *ab absurdo* it is impossible to remain serious. Of course anything may be made to appear ridiculous by those who fail to grasp the signification of the chivalrous spirit underlying these affairs of honour. But for gentlemen—for those who feel as we do—these principles inherited from our forefathers have become part and parcel of our constitution, not to be effaced or eradicated; and to such as us it will always remain impossible to dispose of insults of a certain kind otherwise than by single combat. As the last surviving remnant of the chivalrous knightly spirit of our glorious forefathers remaining to us in an age of vulgar prose and sordid realism, we are bound to honour the duel and adhere to it as closely as to our religious convictions."

"Chivalrous fiddle-sticks!" exclaimed Mr. Bruce, momentarily oblivious of his habitual old-fashioned courtesies—for Valentine Rack's words and attitude were beginning to act as an irritant on his nerves. "Then the sooner the knightly spirit be extinguished the better say I, if such be its illogical results. Why the deuce should we consider ourselves under any obligation to model our conduct upon that of the ancient knights, since we have long since discarded their helmets, bucklers, and coats-of-

mail as unsuited to the requirements of our age? My grandfather—perhaps even my father—thought much the same as you do here to-day, but, thank God, it is now nearly half a century since Englishmen dropped this tomfoolery and came to their senses as befits Christians and men of common sense. Why I myself still remember as a lad of nineteen the sensation created by Lord Cardigan's encounter with Lieutenant Tuckett; and two years later the Gosport duel—the very last, I believe, ever fought on English soil—and I am proud to believe that in this respect at least we took the initiative in showing the world that our name of Christian is no empty boast. But even setting religion aside, what can be more illogical than the practice of settling our personal differences by means of arms, since it must always remain a toss-up whether the right, or the wrong man, the slanderer or the slandered, will have the best of it? Take my own case, for instance. Supposing some mendacious cad belonging to a rival firm had chosen to cast grave aspersions upon my professional and mercantile character and upon the quality of my carpets, accusing me of employing inferior dyes or of passing off cotton for wool. What object would have been gained, what redress would it have afforded me to call out the fellow and settle the matter with swords or pistols? The consciousness of my integrity would have been poor consolation had I been killed or disabled. While if luck had been mine and I had shot the rascal, I should have gained no material advantage thereby, since ill-natured people would always be ready to whisper behind my back that there must after all be a screw loose about the quality of old Bruce's carpets since it had become necessary to fight about them."

"No one fights about carpets, my dear sir," remarked Attila, haughtily. "Such a proceeding as you have been describing would be simply farcical. The dignity of the duel as we understand it demands of course that the gravity of the motive should be in keeping with——"

Here Attila checked himself just in time to avoid the utterance of a glaring prevarication—remembering perhaps that as regards dignity of motive, a litter of bull-pups can hardly rank perceptibly higher than the quality of a bale of carpets. At all events, whatsoever may have been in his thoughts, the phrase was finished differently.

"What I meant to say is merely to express my conviction that certain serious situations in life can only be settled in this

fashion. What other course, for instance, remains open to a husband whose wife has been taken by another man?"

Angus,—his attention gradually arrested by the debate going on between Herr Rack and Uncle Duncan—had for some minutes past dropped his whispered conversation with his wife in order to listen to the discussion. But to Gisella every conversation not directly concerned with her own fair self appeared profoundly uninteresting—so she eagerly seized upon Attila's last phrase as a welcome pretext for reclaiming some part of the general attention whereof she had been defrauded.

"And I agree with grandpapa," she now enunciated with a fascinating assumption of grave decision. "As long as men care about women they will surely not give up fighting for their favours. I remember once at Buda-Pesth seeing an old, old lady—Countess Tihanyi—of whom tradition asserted that in her youth over a hundred duels had been fought for her sake. She was brown and wrinkled with a skin like mouldy tobacco, but she always wore a pair of bracelets whence a profusion of tiny gold locketts were suspended, containing, it was said, the portraits of the lovers who had been killed for her sake. Only fancy how splendid! I never in my life envied anything so much as that pair of bracelets. Few indeed can be as lucky as Countess Tihanyi, but I am very sure that no man that truly loves a woman will think twice of fighting a duel for her sake. Is it not the very highest compliment that can be paid to our sex? Am I not right, Angus?" she added, toying coquettishly with her husband's fair curls, while shooting a provocative glance in Rack's direction as though challenging him to declare that he too would be ready, if need there were, to uphold her charms with naked sword.

It was, however, not Angus, but Mr. Bruce, who unexpectedly replied to her question, as fixing his spectacled eyes upon her, he remarked in a tone of singular dryness:

"Most of all in the case of a woman, my dear, does a duel appear to me in the light of a hollow and ridiculous quibble. Good women do not lay themselves open to be quarrelled about, nor do their characters require any such mode of artificial rehabilitation, while as to those others, it is surely inconceivable that a man should be fool enough to risk his life for the sake of a woman who by her infidelity has furnished unmistakable proof of not being worth a charge of powder and shot."

Gisella, flushing up with a sense of irritated discomfort

beneath the disparagement conveyed by this odious old gentleman's look and tone, endeavoured to carry off her embarrassment by a childish pout, and a shrug of her pretty shoulders as she reverted:

"Then what happens in your country, Mr. Bruce, when a man's wife or sweetheart is taken from him?"

"For these contingencies there is the law to protect us—and the fellow who has taken his neighbour's wife finds himself in a very tight place indeed, and may under circumstances, if his guilt be proven, be condemned to pay a sum ranging from £100 to £10,000 as penalty for his illicit diversions."

"Money!" exclaimed Gisella with a little shriek of dismay. "What a disgustingly prosaic fashion of settling such a delicate matter as a lady's honour! I am glad I do not live in England. It must be a perfectly horrid country!"

This conversation had the effect of bringing to a head a resolve that had been unconsciously forming in Mr. Bruce's mind, and to which he gave expression on the following day when he found himself alone with his niece.

"You might give me your daughter for the next few years, Mabel; I am a lonely old man, and to have the child to look after will furnish me with an object in life. I intend to settle in Edinburgh, where Lona can get all the education she still requires by having masters and attending classes. It will serve to broaden her mental horizon and build up the bones of her character to live for a while in another atmosphere, where she will realize how diametrically opposed some things appear when viewed from other points of latitude and longitude."

And Mabel, after some slight maternal hesitation, ended by accepting Uncle Duncan's offer.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

"As easy as lying."

IT used to be supposed, as an old proverb testifies, that "a liar should have a good memory," if he wished to obtain credence for his wares. That at the present day he is hampered by no such necessity, and need not be concerned to invest his fabrications with any semblance of verisimilitude, is abundantly evidenced by the flood of so-called "Protestant literature," which certain persons and associations make it the business of their lives to issue, charging the Catholic Church with every species of abomination and atrocity. For our acquaintance with these precious productions we are largely indebted to the indefatigable Secretary of the Protestant Press Agency, and Protestant Press Bureau (whether these are or are not one and the same), who assiduously forwards whatever he seems to think we shall find unpleasant. What most forcibly strikes us, however, in these effusions, even more than their unrelieved dulness, and illiteracy, is the utter contempt they display for the intelligence of those who are expected to read them. It appears to be taken for granted, in the first place, that such readers will be wholly devoid of either memory or knowledge, so that the stalest and most thoroughly refuted calumnies may safely be repeated once again—as, for example, the tale of Barbara Ubryk, the Iron Virgin of Nuremburg, and Mexican immurements,—and moreover that they will be quite incapable of detecting the absurdity of statements which carry their own refutation stamped upon their very face. And apparently the purveyors of this stuff know their public well and its infinite credulity, so that, if we may believe their covers, anti-Popery tracts are a safe investment, and sell always by the thousand.

There is, for instance, a recent pamphlet, entitled *Victims of the Priest*, which deals with nunneries; and when it is said that it professedly bases its revelations upon the information supplied by Mr. Abbott and his Convent Enquiry Society, it will easily

be understood of what nature are its contents ; and that it marshals once again every vile slander that comes to its hand. It is scarcely necessary to add that it carefully avoids such particulars as would make it possible to test their value in a court of law or otherwise. But, in addition to its letterpress, it supplies a picture of a dungeon in the basement of a London convent, its walls of solid stone broken only by a small, strongly-barred window close to the ceiling at one end, and its sole furniture a mattress on the bare ground, while, as a note informs us, "the position and appearance of this dark cell, with its heavily-barred small window, coincides with the description of the cell used for Barbara Ubryk." The sketch from which this plate was made was taken, we are informed, by "an artist who accompanied the Author, and a representative of the publishers," when they visited the spot, whence it would appear that its crafty contrivers, after constructing a secret torture chamber, proceed to open it to the inspection of enterprising Protestant journalists and limners, thus letting all the world know what they are doing secretly. Insane folly of this kind is frequent enough, according to the stories told by Mr. Abbott and others, amongst priests and nuns, but it is not found elsewhere, or in real life. It must also be asked whether those who know of the existence of such a den, and fail to give information to the police, are not liable to be prosecuted as accomplices in the iniquities which they believe there to be perpetrated. Or if they do not wish to do that, let them plainly name the convent in question, and the purposes other than those of a coal-cellar to which they wish it to be understood that the chamber is put. They would then be saved the trouble of bringing the matter to the notice of the law.

Another tract, said to be in its twentieth thousand, and entitled, *Why I am no longer a Roman Catholic*, is by Mr. G. Mayer, and introduced with a blessing by "J. Brown, Baptist Minister." The writer's question is easily answered. He is not now a Catholic because he never was one, whatever he may have called himself, as he tells us, during fifteen years. This is sufficiently evident from the fact that amongst the points of doctrine and practice which have driven him from the Church are, the Real Presence and Transubstantiation, Confession, the Invocation of Saints, Purgatory, and the sign of the Cross. He also alleges as one of his motives that the late Mr. Gladstone

during the greater part of his life was a devoted Romish agent, while appearing to belong to the Church of England. We find also "Painful experiences of Nuns in Convents,"—including Barbara Ubryk, with some fresh and sensational details,—the Spanish Inquisition, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; "the Irish Massacre of 1641;" "the Italian Massacre of 1866;" and the inevitable Iron Virgin, illustrated. Most interesting, however, as exhibiting the author's intelligence, or that of his readers as estimated by him, is the following crushing passage with which he concludes his disproof of the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist:

St. Ignatius Martyr says: "They abstain from the Eucharist and prayer because they do not believe the Eucharist to be the flesh of our Saviour Jesus Christ, which flesh suffered for our sins." . . . Can it be reasonably supposed by the above statement that St. Ignatius is guilty of a belief in the real presence, or transubstantiation? We say emphatically, No!

It might appear evident beyond possibility of mistake that since St. Ignatius is manifestly writing against those whom he condemns as heretics, the reply should obviously be "Emphatically, Yes!"

Reviews.

I.—THE PROBLEM OF "HOMER."¹

EXCEPT the Bible, no book has been so marked by the modern higher critic for his own as have the immortal Epics which, inaugurating the history of human literature, attained an eminence that has been the despair of rivals for nigh three thousand years. But with these the critic deals no less ruthlessly than with the Pentateuch, and pronounces those beliefs regarding them palpably erroneous, which the simplicity of former ages,—from Ancient Greece to eighteenth century Christendom—undoubtedly cherished. It was always taken for granted that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were the work of one Homer, described as "the Maeonian Bard," and commonly spoken of as blind,—a wandering minstrel or "rhapsodist," who, probably before the invention of the alphabet, improvised his lays in market-place and banqueting-hall, till under his inspired

¹ *Handbook of Homeric Study.* By Henry Browne, S.J., M.A. New College, Oxford; Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland; Professor of Greek at University College, Dublin. With twenty-two plates. London: Longmans, 1905. xvi. 333 pp.

hand the majestic tale of Troy divine became immortal. The only recognized doubt was as to his place of birth, for

Seven cities claimed the mighty Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

But now, this facile account of the matter is relegated to the region of myth. The Homeric poems have been analyzed and dissected and put under the microscope. Their grammar has been scrutinized to the last particle; and all peculiarities, metrical, dialectical, stylistic, mythologic, and racial, which they exhibit. Texts have been studied and their history traced; ethnological considerations have been adduced; the Mediterranean coasts have been ransacked for evidence which may throw light on Homeric geography; and the earth has been made to yield its testimony regarding prehistoric life at Mycenæ in Cyprus and in Crete, as well as in the Troad.

The result has been to convince scholars that Homer's true name is legion; that he was not a man, but a school, or more than one; that we must discern in him, not as has been so long imagined a bright particular star, but a system of asteroids governed by some poetic law, so as to follow the same general path. That is to say, the great twin Epics are pronounced to be the work, not of one hand, but of many pieced together, no doubt with marvellous skill, but yet with the rifts plainly visible between their parts, and the difference of workmanship so manifest as to preclude all possibility of doubt.

Thus far there is agreement; but when we would go farther in quest of something positive, we find no more unanimity than of old regarding the poet's place of birth. Whether the Homeric poems were produced in Thessaly, in Asia Minor, or elsewhere; whether the people whom they style "Achaeans" were really such, or not rather Æolians, Ionians, or Celts; whether the poems were in substantial existence at the very dawn of history, or were daringly fabricated, by an unknown hand, out of miscellaneous bardic materials, after the age of Pericles and the Tragedians; above all,—how many artists, of how many periods and regions, contributed to their composition, and who contributed what,—upon these and a multitude of other questions we have pretty nearly as many theories—as theorists.

To those who desire to understand with comparative facility the complex elements of this most interesting question, Father Browne's Handbook may be warmly commended. He has

spared himself no pains to smooth his reader's path, by diligently collecting all possible information, not only from every publication of recognized authority, but likewise from scholars of distinction whose assistance he acknowledges,—and especially by the clearness and scholarly sobriety with which he exhibits the problem under its various aspects, and presents evidence towards its solution.

It is obviously impossible to attempt here even a sketch plan of his treatise, and we must be content briefly to indicate the general conclusion to which he is led. He holds that in the Homeric poems two main components, wholly different in origin, are plainly distinguishable. The first of these is an *Achilleid*, of Æolic origin, which supplies the backbone of the *Iliad*. The second is an *Odyssey*, later in date and of Ionian authorship, to which we must assign not only the whole of the Epic so named, but a large portion of the *Iliad* as well. Thus the line of cleavage is not, as has generally been assumed, as by the Chorizontes, between the two poems as such, but between the Epic of Achilles and that of the wily Ithacan. How far these two elements must be themselves subdivided is of course a further question. Father Browne is of opinion that various portions must be attributed, not only to various authorship, but to quite different periods of time. So, as a concrete personality, Homer is no more. We cannot even regard him as the Supreme Minstrel, who produced the divine poems as we have them, by moulding and inspiring the work of lesser men to supplement his own; for one such editor could not have sufficed, there must, at the very least, have been two.

We shall not presume to question the arguments by which such conclusions are established. Nevertheless it is manifest that the problem thus solved does but confront us with another which is a greater mystery. How shall we account for the fact, no less obvious than it is unique, that these diverse fragments, so totally dissimilar, unlike in origin, dialect, structure, and motive, have for so many centuries, and by so many generations of scholars, including the Greeks themselves in their intellectual prime, been mistaken for one work, by one man, telling one story, and so telling it as to produce for the branch of literature he created, a model which all coming after him should imitate, but find to be inimitable? And whereas subsequent ages have failed to produce even one solitary poet to

whom such a term could be applied, how explain the fact that during a brief period in the remote past, there were a multitude for whom the only epithet is "Homeric"?

And accordingly, although we cannot gainsay the conclusions of the experts who settle such things for other folk, many of us will doubtless continue, not only to speak of Homer as if he really existed, but so also to think of him.

2.—THE PART OF LEGEND IN SAINT LORE.¹

Everyone who may have read the masterly study contributed by Father Hippolyte Delehaye, S.J., one of the best known of the Bollandists of Brussels, to the *Revue des Questions Historiques* for July, 1903, will rejoice that he has now amplified and completed this preliminary essay and published it in book form. The competence of the writer to deal with this particular aspect of hagiography has been proved by many an article and review in the *Analecta Bollandiana* and elsewhere. There is no other critic of our time who combines the same wide reading and the same open mind with a loyal devotion to the Catholic faith. Moreover, he possesses in an eminent degree the gift of presenting his conclusions in an attractive, often an epigrammatic form, which renders this volume, choke-full as it is of erudition, most fascinating reading. The writer's object is to set in clear relief the process of natural elaboration which takes place when any object of popular devotion rouses the enthusiasm of the faithful, and when the pious biographer, unrestrained by any exercise of the critical faculty, sets to work to compile a Life which is to serve the one primary end of edification. Nothing could be better or more scientific than Father Delehaye's admirable analysis of all the elements which enter into such development. He clearly defines his terms and distributes his matter, enforcing each detail with that abundant wealth of illustration which marks the specialist who is master of his theme. Many and strange are the revelations with which the ordinary devout reader will here be brought in contact for the first time. Stories which he has been taught to believe are sober history prove under the Bollandist's discerning criticism to be fables whose roots may be traced back to pagan sources older than the coming of Christ, or to the folk-lore which belongs to the very childhood of our race. There are saints venerated

¹ *Les Légendes Hagiographiques.* Par H. Delehaye, S.J. Polleunis et Ceuterick, 37, Rue des Ursulines, Bruxelles. 1905.

by the faithful and commemorated in our martyrologies who are shown to owe their very existence to an etymological blunder or an ill-read inscription. Yet this criticism is always reverent. It is a thousand times better that when the process of dissection and disillusion has to be performed, as with the spread of science must surely be the case sooner or later, the hand which lays bare this strange intermixture of false and true should be a friendly hand. The faith of the most pious of Catholics need sustain no shock as he peruses Father Delehaye's fascinating pages, and we most cordially recommend this volume to all and sundry, only regretting that the limits of our space will not at present allow us to set before our readers any specimens of its varied contents.

3.—INFILTRATIONS PROTESTANTES.¹

Les Infiltrations Protestantes et l'Exégèse du Nouveau Testament is a third volume from the pen of one whom, thanks to the cruel persecution of the French Religious Orders, we must now call M. l'Abbé Fontaine. Those who have seen his previous volumes on "*Infiltrations*," will know that he is zealous for the preservation of sound doctrine among the French clergy, as against the evil influence of opinions which have filtered into their body from its contact with Protestant rationalistic literature. The cause is doubtless excellent; and it must be acknowledged that, whilst M. Fontaine hits hard, he displays the courtesy of expression which is so pleasant a feature in French Catholic writers. There would appear to be French ecclesiastics whose opinions do seem to be the outcome of a mentality more Protestant than Catholic. And even as regards a class of theories in which some excellent members of the French clergy are now interested, it must be further acknowledged, that even should these theories eventually prove to be more in harmony with orthodox Catholicism than M. Fontaine supposes, he does good service in forcibly advocating the side of the opposition to them—for it is always to the advantage of truth that each side of a difficult question should be forcibly urged by advocates who believe in it.

At the same time, one cannot but feel that M. Fontaine spoils a good cause by a certain fundamental defect in his method. He is by no means always successful in gauging

¹ *Les Infiltrations Protestantes et l'Exégèse du Nouveau Testament.* Par l'Abbé J. Fontaine. Paris: Victor Rétaux.

accurately the positions taken up by those he regards as opponents. In the very title of his book this defect is latent. The term "*infiltration*" is indeed apposite in itself if rightly applied, but in the author's mind it is vitiated by the assumption that any arguments or representations of facts which are taken from Protestant writers must needs be Protestant, and deserve in consequence to be disregarded by writers who wish to think with the Church. It does not seem to occur to him that a fact is a fact and an argument is an argument whencesoever it be derived, and that his sense of the unity of truth makes it imperative on a Catholic scholar to give it consideration, and, so far forth as it proves on sufficient examination to be true in its kind, to investigate its bearing on the doctrine of his Church as much as, or even more than, its bearing on any other department of established truth.

Again, M. Fontaine allows indeed that the archæological discoveries of recent times have brought to light many facts hitherto unknown about the history of the remote past; and he is confident that, if conscientiously studied, these new mines of information will prove of signal service to the Church and her Creed. But he shows little realization that we are already brought into close quarters with these chronicles of antiquity, and that though it is to be hoped that they will render a signal service to the Church in the long run, as in some respects, they are doing now, they have also yielded an array of historical difficulties very perplexing from a Biblical point of view to those who are aware of them. Did he realize this more fully he would perhaps feel less certain that the motives of his opponents—of some of them at all events—are due simply and solely to their Protestant leanings. Further, and, if we mistake not, in consequence of this misunderstanding of the motives of his opponents, he is over-prone to suspect them of opinions which they would repudiate. Thus, finding that the German rationalists, starting from a denial of the supernatural, assume that every occurrence must have a purely naturalistic explanation, he anticipates that the infiltrated section of the clergy must be similarly bent on finding a naturalistic explanation of Bible facts, if not everywhere, at all events much more often than is consistent with Catholic orthodoxy.

And so he feels entitled to describe Père Lagrange's "*methode historique*" as deserving rather to be called the *methode naturaliste*!" and to say of it that "its distinctive feature, at all events as understood by its more advanced adherents, is to

abstract from all supernatural notions in the discussion of Scriptural subjects." It is here in fact, in this *methode historique, al. naturaliste*, in this "*abstraction systematique de toute notion supernaturelle*" (as his publisher's book-notice calls it), that he finds the ultimate source of the "doctrinal aberrations now troubling us." Yet by "the historical method," Père Lagrange merely means that, while adhering strictly to the Church's doctrine, that of inspiration particularly, the modern student should be somewhat more distrustful of abstract inferences therefrom than were former generations of theologians, and should be glad to check them by the verifying process of modern historical methods, as applied to the Bible records—of those methods, that is to say, which all approve of as applied to purely secular history. Père Lagrange, too, is most explicit in his *Methode Historique* on the duty of the Catholic student to keep ever clearly before his eyes the reality of the supernatural and its relation to the Bible facts, as defined or indicated by the Church's teaching. And this indeed M. Fontaine allows, though still claiming that the vice of naturalism is in his historical method, and hence holding him responsible for every extension and application made of it by others. And here, we submit, is another of his misconceptions. A preacher addressing a mixed congregation may reasonably be held responsible for the consequence, if he propounds a theory which in their minds is sure to take a noxious form. But with a scholar writing for scholars, it is surely different. His aim should be to enunciate the truth as nearly as he can, and it is the fault of his readers if they exaggerate its significance and misapply it. It is against them therefore, and against each homogeneous set of them, that the writer's censure should be directed. But to come back to the author's contention, that at all events in the hands of its more advanced adherents this historical method is found to consist in "a systematic abstraction from all supernatural notions." The author whom he quotes as employing this phrase is Père Lemonnyer, a Dominican Father, who wrote an article in the *Revue du clergé français*, for March, 1903. We have not seen this article, and so perhaps should not judge of it. But the passages which M. Fontaine quotes from it, suggest doubts whether after all its writer was not meaning something very different from what is imputed to him in the present volume. There is, of course, as Père Lemonnyer says, a side on which "a religion in itself supernatural in origin and essence, having entered on the sphere of

human realities, presents itself as an historical fact ;" and there is a sense in which a Catholic student in investigating it from this side ought to abstract from its supernatural character, and though by no means ignoring the teachings of faith concerning it, to use them only as "an external standard of interpretation." It is a common reproach against a Catholic student, whether of Scripture, or history, or science, or philosophy, that his religion disqualifies him from appreciating the true force of exegetical, scientific, historical, or philosophical evidence, because it forces him always to be intruding his theological conclusions into fields where they are inapplicable. And his thoroughly satisfactory answer is, "I only intrude my theology in the same way as you yourself intrude your philosophy and science into exegesis and history:" that is, as a criterion of truth which is most helpful as a guide to truth, even when applied to another branch of knowledge, but which being then purely extrinsic, does not dispense with, but, on the contrary, demands the more careful application of the principles intrinsic to the branch of knowledge in question. Is it not in this sense that Père Lemonnyer uses the phrase objected to?

But are there not perhaps members of the French clergy who are truly chargeable with "abstracting from the supernatural" in their exegesis to an extent which amounts to disallowing its existence altogether? Yes, perhaps; and indeed, while most anxious to credit him with good intentions, we cannot see how M. Loisy, against whom very many of the author's pages are directed, can be redeemed from this charge. Other French clerical writers, too, M. Fontaine quotes whose contentions it would be hard indeed to reconcile with the doctrines of the Church and the pronouncements of the Holy See. Still let their case be considered apart and not confounded with the case of writers whose standpoint, method, and conclusions are essentially different. There is a further misunderstanding, indeed a whole set of misunderstandings, in the author's account of what he calls the legendary system of Biblical interpretation, especially in the section commencing on p. 147. It is particularly unfortunate as, whether the system so described be sound or unsound, it ought to be examined and discussed on its own merits, whereas its adherents would find it hard to recognize their theory in the dummy which M. Fontaine sets up and knocks down. Still, this notice is already too long and we must pass over not only this important question, but also the whole of the author's second part, with just this one remark

on the latter, that it is a study of the authenticity and historicity of the Synoptic and Fourth Gospels, with a special reference to M. Loisy's theories concerning them, and that this latter portion seems to us much more sound and valuable than the former.

4.—THE HOUSE OF GOD.¹

Dr. Shahan, of the Catholic University of America, does not introduce his new volume by any Preface. The sermons and addresses are left to tell their own tale, except that in some slight footnotes we are told the occasions on which they were delivered, and thence learn that some were preached from the pulpit, others were delivered from the platform, whilst others are republications of magazine articles. Corresponding to the diversity of occasions is the diversity of style, the whole forming a pleasing variety of subject-matter, treated with freshness and insight, and conveying a good deal of solid instruction. Thus we have papers on the Church's relation to the Fine Arts, on the office of the Episcopate and the Priesthood, on the value of Catholic Universities and Catholic Congresses, on the Church's apostolate, its successes and its difficulties; and on subjects connected with the Irish race, such as its Music, its Language, its pet heroes, and its hopes for the future. As a specimen of Dr. Shahan's style we may give the following passage:

Perhaps we do not often enough reflect that our Catholic churches are ever open in the heart of our society, that they are constant working forces which never abate or diminish their moral impact upon the surrounding volume of sin and wrong and perversity. They are like the creative and preserving forces of Nature herself, the sun and the air, for ever repairing and upbuilding the moral waste that is going on among us. . . . Every Catholic church is practically the entire Christian religion flowing in unceasingly upon our lives, with all its glorious treasures of tender solicitation and logical compulsion, all its irresistible arguments from history and analogy and experience, all its ancient and world-wide institutions, all its intimate and original adaptability to the needs of the human heart. . . . It is the glory of Christianity that it broke down and overbore these perilous anti-social views of pessimism and despair once very common in all classes of mankind, that it planted in millions of human hearts the seeds of belief and hope, that thereby it brought back to earth self-respect and fresh youthful ambition, that it exhibited human life as a toilsome journey indeed, but not a journey without aim or meaning, rather a gradual approach to a celestial city where the ills of this life would fade

¹ *The House of God, and other Addresses and Studies.* By Thomas J. Shahan, D.D. New York: Cathedral Library Association.

away, and all its proper joys be heightened and made everlasting. Now that great social work was not done in the cabinets of Christian men of genius nor by sudden revivals of missionary zeal, but by the steady concentration of all Christian forces in countless churches, at ubiquitous altars, in pulpits that rose like so many lighthouses of the soul across the troubled waters of ordinary existence. O! surely it is not with the cramped and feeble theories of Greek philosophers long dead and helpless, nor with any new mixture of social remedies, each of which long since was visibly inefficient, in a word, not with any scheme built up out of our own ignorance and selfishness, that our universal melancholy, our universal naturalism, our universal restlessness can be finally and satisfactorily cured. It is only by the habitual operation of the supernatural principles of Christianity applied in all their fulness, and with an ever larger and more intelligent grasp of their inexhaustible possibilities, a constant adaptation to our human ailments of the divine remedies they furnish, that we shall meet and overcome as they arise the cries that are for ever growing and lurking in our human society.

5.—THE EARLY CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.¹

No one who has made any acquaintance with the previous work of Dom H. Leclercq, formerly of Solesmes, but now, with so many of his exiled *confrères*, domiciled at the Abbey of Farnborough in England, can fail to have been impressed with the extraordinary industry which he devotes to whatever task engages his attention. Moreover, this industry is reinforced by a judgment which is naturally sober and critical, and by a wide erudition extending to almost every field of Christian learning. Endowed with these qualities Dom Leclercq seems to us to be admirably equipped for the work which he has undertaken in this series of volumes on the early Christian martyrs. These books, which present the ancient Acts not in their original tongue, but in a straightforward French translation, are plainly not intended in the first instance for specialists in hagiographical science. They are designed, and rightly, for that larger public of intelligent Catholics who are interested in the past history of the Church and look for a narrative which will at once preserve the flavour of the original documents, and yet will bear to be read continuously or even aloud. Regarded from this standpoint we cannot feel much regret that the writer's treatment of his subject is not more rigidly critical. He professes himself on the whole a disciple of Ruinart and M. E. Leblant. We should be

¹ *Les Martyrs* (Recueil des pièces authentiques sur les martyrs depuis les origines du christianisme jusqu'au xxe siècle) par Dom H. Leclercq. Paris: H. Dudin. Volumes I., II., III. 1902—1904.

the first to admit that the conclusions of these scholars ought not now to be accepted without many reserves. And yet when we realize that a process of minute examination and discussion would have to be applied anew to each one of the many scores of hagiographical documents incorporated in these volumes, we confess we feel glad that Dom Leclercq has acted as he has done, and not delayed the publication of so useful a work until fuller researches had been undertaken. When all is said and done, we believe that modern critical methods soon bring us to a point where very little can be affirmed with any sort of certainty. It may perhaps be on the whole more probable that a particular set of Acts are not trustworthy materials for history. The scholar who wants to "play the game" will no doubt make it a duty to lean to the sceptical side. But there is, we think, a tendency to lay a good deal too much stress upon the verdict which our most up-to-date critics pronounce in such matters. Even though it be safer and wiser to reject than to accept, it is not necessary to erect this principle into a law the non-observance of which entails a sort of literary ostracism and places the writer outside the pale of the sympathy of all the illuminated.

Dom Leclercq's three stout volumes in which he respectively discusses first the martyrs of the two first centuries, secondly those of the Diocletian period and lastly those under Julian the Apostate, Sapor and Genserich, are extremely interesting reading. In point of bulk a large space is given, especially in the third volume, to what the author calls *Rédactions Postérieures*, documents which are not the less valuable because they cannot in any way be trusted implicitly. In the prefaces will be found some interesting discussions of general questions together with a store of bibliographical references, which last indeed are provided in generous profusion for almost every document quoted.

If we may venture on one criticism, it seems to us that a notice devoted to Christianity in Britain in vol. iii.² is perhaps hardly up to date. For instance there is no reference to the important excavations at Silchester of late years, nor to other recent discoveries. Dom Leclercq might with advantage have consulted such an article as that of F. Haverfield in the *English Historical Review* for 1896, and even in defence of the more conservative views to which he himself inclines, he does not seem to us to cite the most recent English authorities.

¹ Preface, pp. xlii—lv.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with Dr. Gore's transference from Worcester to Birmingham comes the republication of his *Roman Catholic Claims* in a sixpenny edition. Obviously the idea is to utilize for the increase of its circulation the attention drawn to the Bishop by his entrance on this new sphere of work. Hence the desirability of a compendious reply, for Birmingham use particularly, and Father Joseph Rickaby has drawn one up under the title of *Development, Thoughts on Bishop Gore's "Roman Catholic Claims,"* (Catholic Truth Society, 3d.) Father Rickaby uses the opportunity to illustrate, in the history of Papal Supremacy and one or two other dogmas, the nature of the development through which they have passed, and to show how consistent has been the process with the requirements of the Vincentian Canon. The Catholic Truth Society has also just published *The Suppression of the Monasteries under Henry VIII.* and *Thoughts for Freethinkers.* Of these the former is an extract from *English Monasteries* by F. S. A. It will be very convenient as condensing the facts about the villainies of Henry VIII.'s agents, and may carry the more weight with some readers as coming from an Anglican author. Dr. Barry's *Thoughts for Freethinkers* repeats in a more popular form the indictment of Malthusianism and its results which formed the subject of his recent article in the *National Review.* The *Living Rosary* and the *Perpetual Rosary* are both by Father Procter, O.P.

Of stories for the young we have from St. Andrew's Press, Barnet, *Fleurs-de-Lis*, by Margaret Merriman, a tale of Toulouse in the thirteenth century, in which the Albigenses play their part; from Messrs. Benziger *The Red Inn of St. Lyphar*, by Anna T. Sadlier, a story of the Vendean Rising, in which the Royalist leader, Jambe d'Argent, is introduced; *That Man's Daughter*, by Harry M. Ross, of which the scene is partly laid in California, and *A Juvenile Round Table* (Second Series); and from Messrs. Herder *Brother and Sister*, a translation from the French of Father Charruan, S.J., in which the leading feature is the beautiful self-devotedness of a sister to the care of an orphan brother. *Within and Without the Church* and *Hereafter*

(Herder), are two booklets containing adaptations from the French of Père Laxenaire. The first is a sound and simple exposition of the maxim *Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus*. The second deals with some of the problems presented by the dogmas of future reward and punishment. Messrs. Herder also send *The Ray*, by R. Montlaur, a booklet in which, with the aid of a thin thread of story, an attempt is made to depict the social environment in which our Lord lived and wrought. *A Child's Influence*. (Washbourne), by Madame Cecilia, is No. 6 of her *School and Home Plays for Children*. It is well suited to its purpose, and contains some useful hints on staging such plays, but it would have been better not to challenge comparison by so close an imitation of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (1905, II.)

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The Immaculate Conception and the Orthodox Greek Church. *Mgr. N. Marini*. Musical Reform in Greece. *A. Palmieri*. A Journey to the East. *Mgr. N. Marini*. The First and Last of Egyptian Moralists. *E. Revillout*. The Great Labours of Cardinal Mai. *G. Cozza Lusi*. Reviews, &c.

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